DANDY COMICS

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

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No. 1
SPRING

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JCA

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DANDY proves to his friend LULU that he can be as gallant as ANY of King Arthur's Knights, and as courteous as Sir Walter Raleigh himself. But even DANDY'S temper can become a little frayed at the edges, and then . . . WHAM!

BULL BOWSER is up to his old crooked tricks, and with his unwilling partner, little TIMMY MOUSE, he follows the trail of a likely victim! All of which leads to some surprising shenanigans . . . including a rapid retreat through a closed window!

TUMBLES, the Circus Clown, proves that a crowded tight-rope wire holds no fear for him. Nor do the flying knives of STILLETTO SAM. But a BANANA-PEEL . . . well . . . that's a peril not to be so lightly dismissed!

TUFFY decides that if CLARENCE . . . otherwise known as the Brain . . . is to write a winning essay on Horses, then his pal must become better acquainted with the ways of our four-footed friends. And so we visit the Rodeo . . . and a genuine BULL-STORY!

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another exciting episode involving DANDY and his pals—and one about the antics of TUMBLES, the unpredictable Circus Clown! Plus a brand-new story starring BAFFY BILL AND MOLLY . . . and then there's RUFF AND REDDY, who finally get to see the big game—and succeed in getting it all balled-up!

Don't miss these exciting features! Be *sure* to watch for DANDY COMICS No. 2 at your favorite newsstand!

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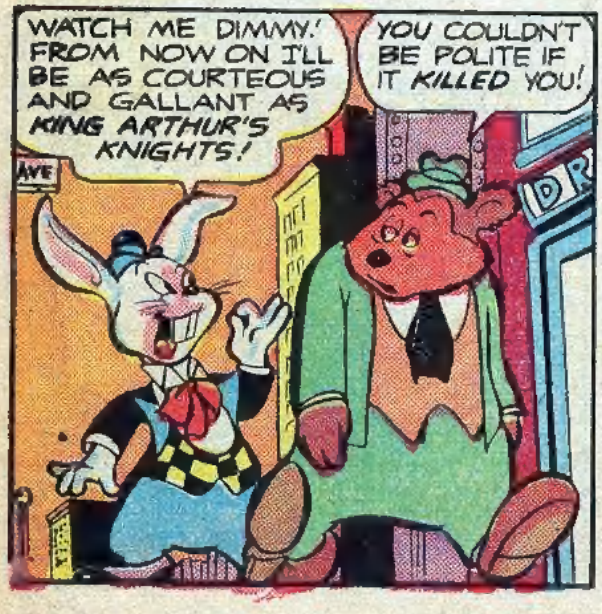
DANDY

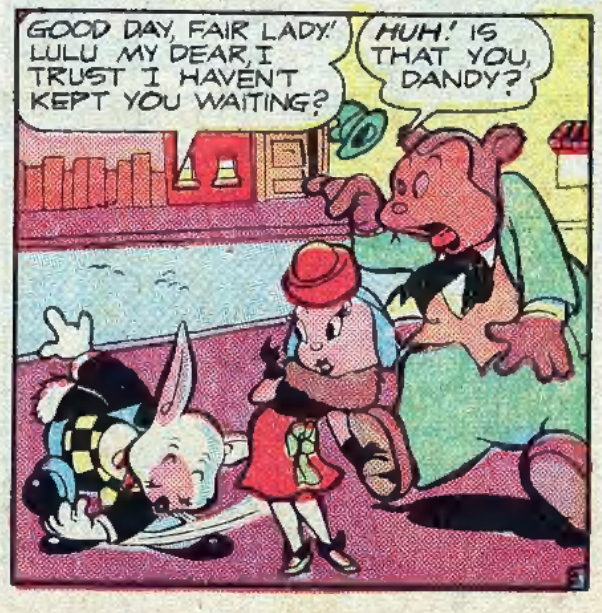
SO SORRY, I'M SURE!

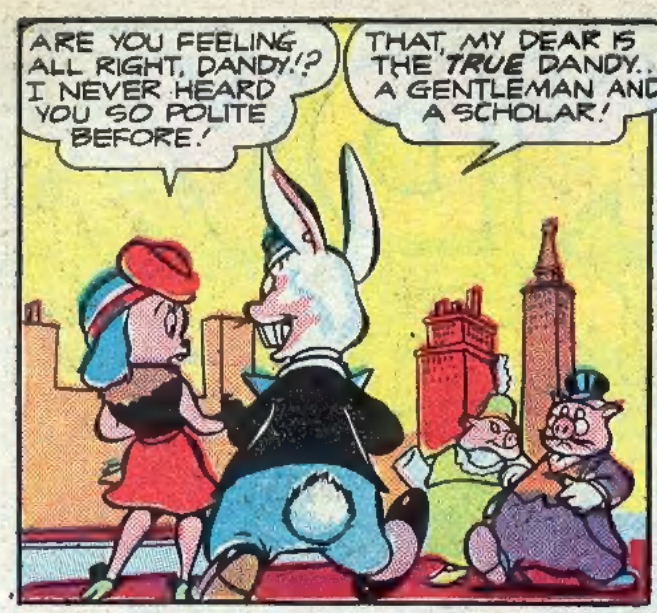
BOATS

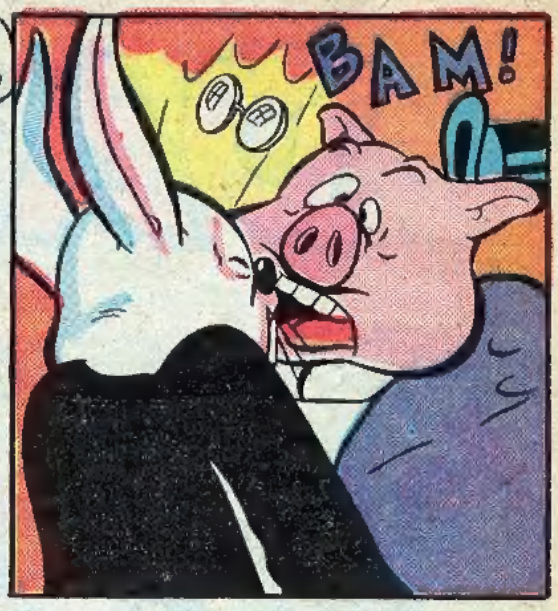
Pow

JCA

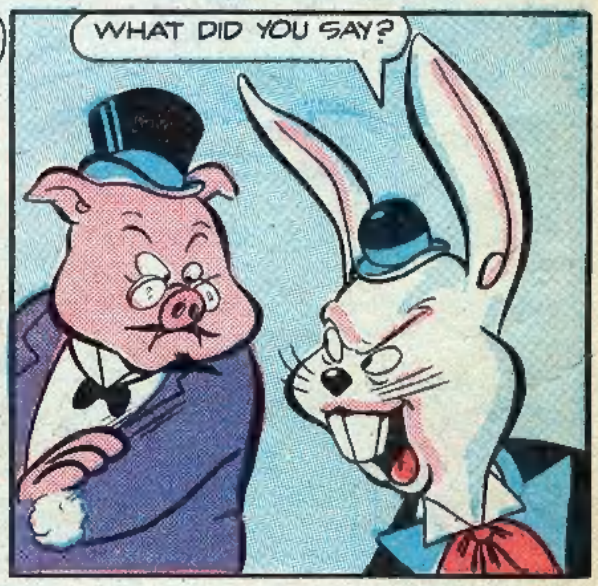


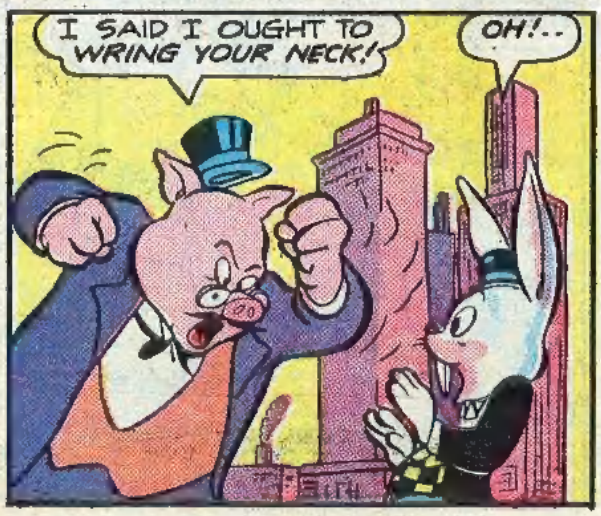


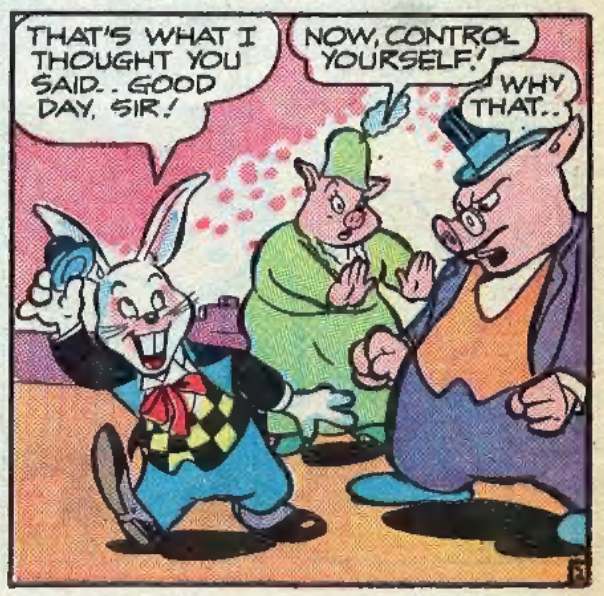

ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, DANDY!? I NEVER HEARD YOU SO POLITE BEFORE!
THAT, MY DEAR IS THE *TRUE* DANDY.. A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR!

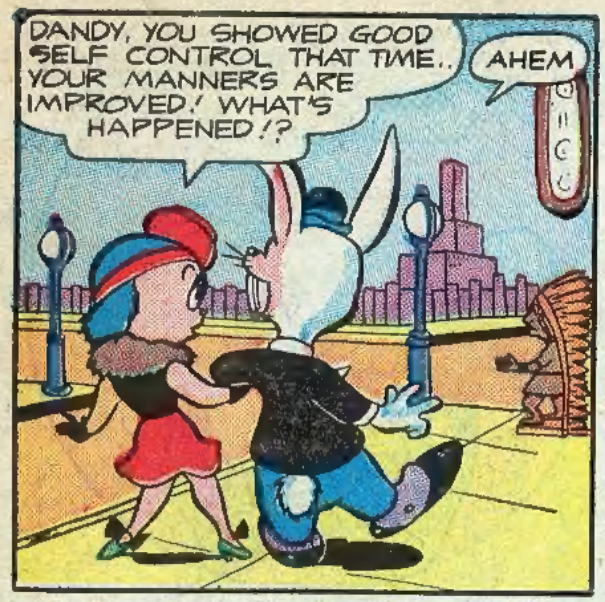

BAM!

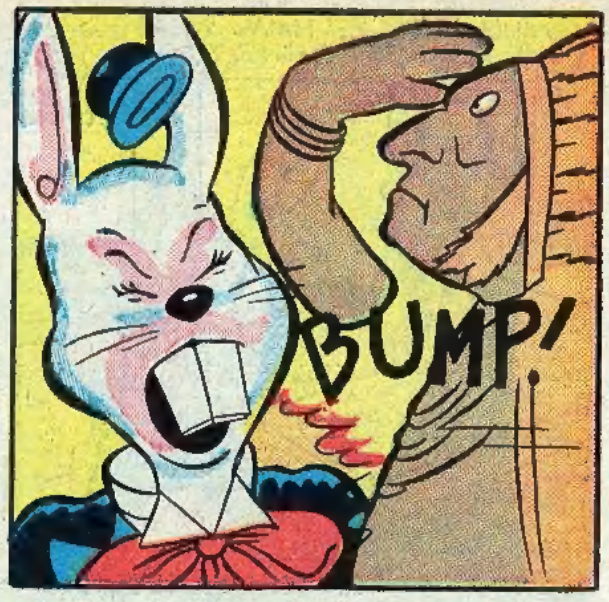
A THOUSAND PARDONS, SIR!
#@#@ I OUGHT TO WRING *@ YOUR NECK!


WHAT DID YOU SAY?


I SAID I OUGHT TO WRING YOUR NECK!
OH!..

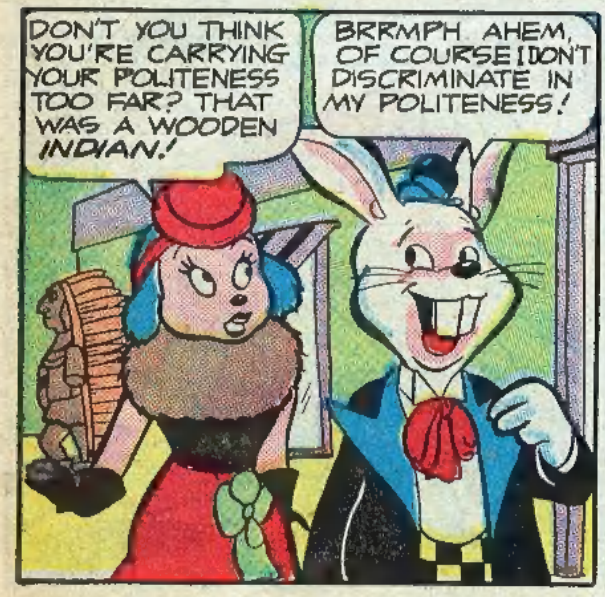

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID.. GOOD DAY, SIR!
NOW, CONTROL YOURSELF!
WHY THAT..

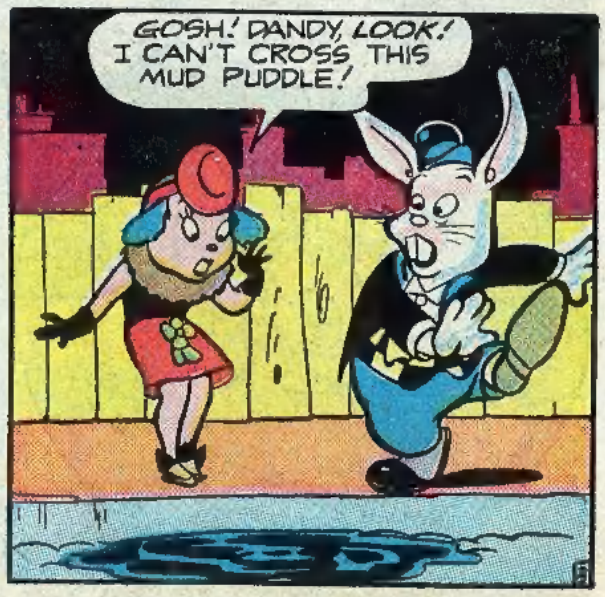

DANDY, YOU SHOWED GOOD SELF CONTROL THAT TIME.. YOUR MANNERS ARE IMPROVED! WHAT'S HAPPENED!?
AHEM

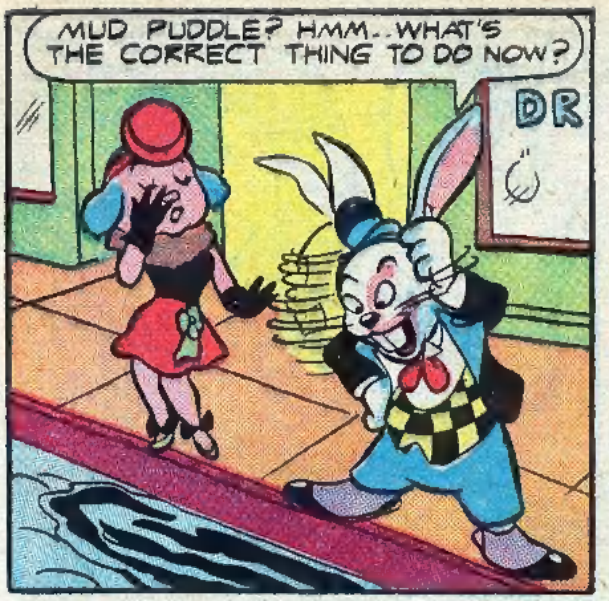

BUMP!

HOW CLUMSY OF ME.. ACCEPT MY HUMBLE APOLOGIES MY GOOD MAN!
DANDY.. LOOK!

AN ARM? I DIDN'T REALIZE WE BUMPED THAT HARD.. I'M SORRY OLD FELLOW!
BUT DANDY.


DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRYING YOUR POLITENESS TOO FAR? THAT WAS A WOODEN INDIAN!
BRRMPH. AHEM, OF COURSE! DON'T DISCRIMINATE IN MY POLITENESS!


GOSH! DANDY, LOOK! I CAN'T CROSS THIS MUD PUDDLE!

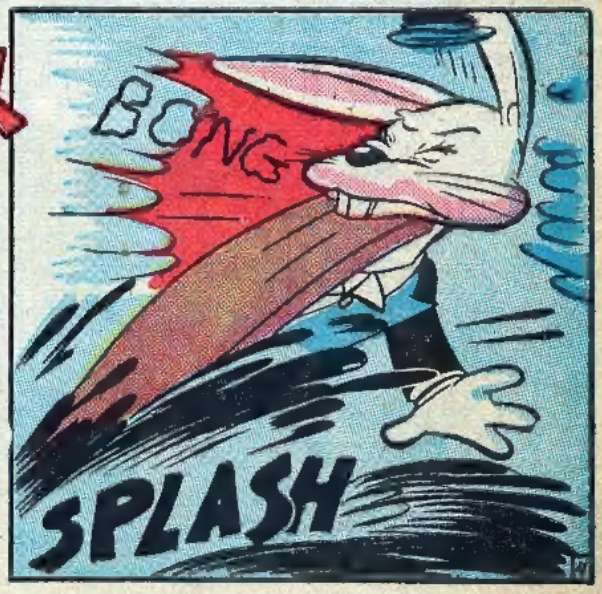

MUD PUDDLE? HMM..WHAT'S THE CORRECT THING TO DO NOW?
DR

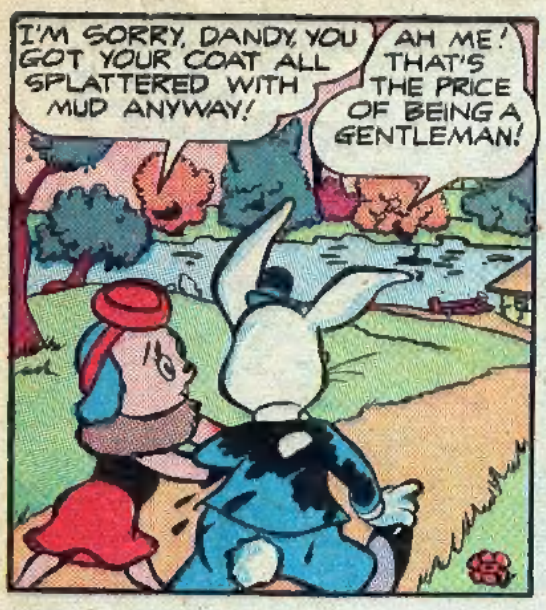
SIR WALTER RALEIGH LAID HIS COAT DOWN FOR HIS QUEEN TO WALK OVER. MAYBE I

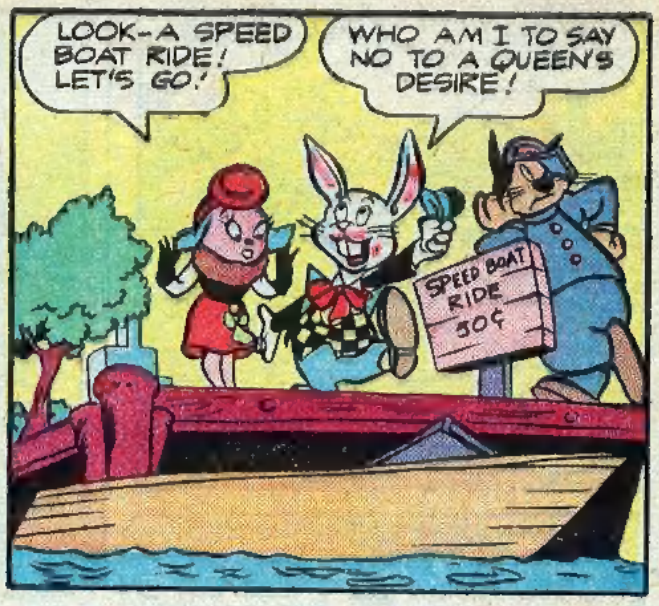
ON SECOND THOUGHT I'D BETTER SAVE MY COAT FROM ALL THAT MUD!

THERE YOU ARE LULU! WITH A LITTLE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING AND DEXTERITY YOU HAVE A BRIDGE!

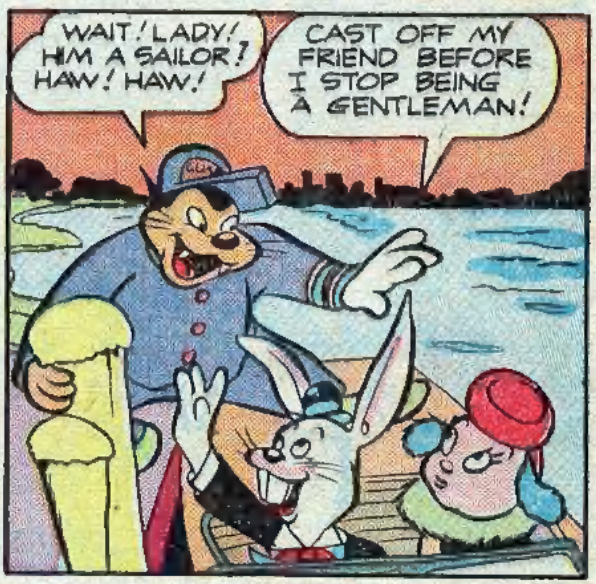
OH, H-H-HELP! I'M FA...
CRACK

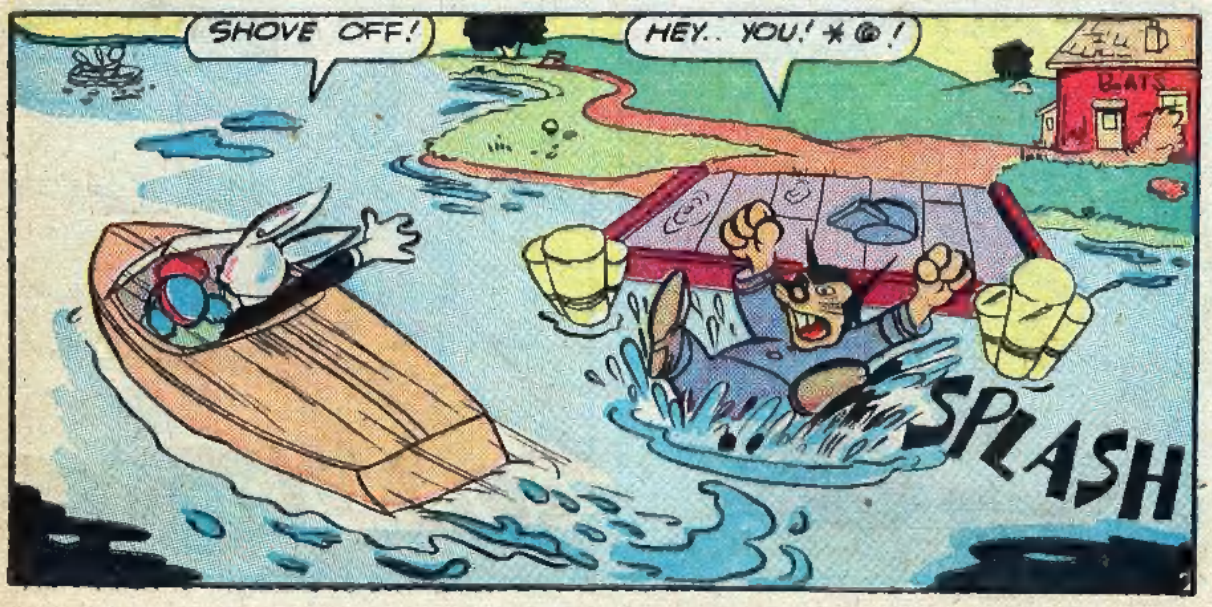

BOING
SPLASH


I'M SORRY, DANDY, YOU GOT YOUR COAT ALL SPLATTERED WITH MUD ANYWAY!
AH ME! THAT'S THE PRICE OF BEING A GENTLEMAN!

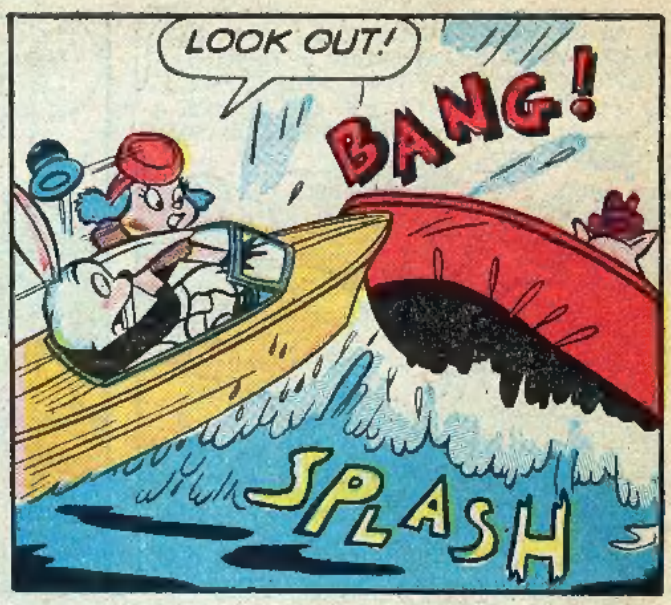

LOOK-A SPEED BOAT RIDE! LET'S GO!
WHO AM I TO SAY NO TO A QUEEN'S DESIRE!
SPEED BOAT RIDE 50¢

THIS IS HARDLY THE CLIPPER FOR A SKIPPER-BUT WE'LL GIVE HER A TURN!
DANDY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A SAILOR!

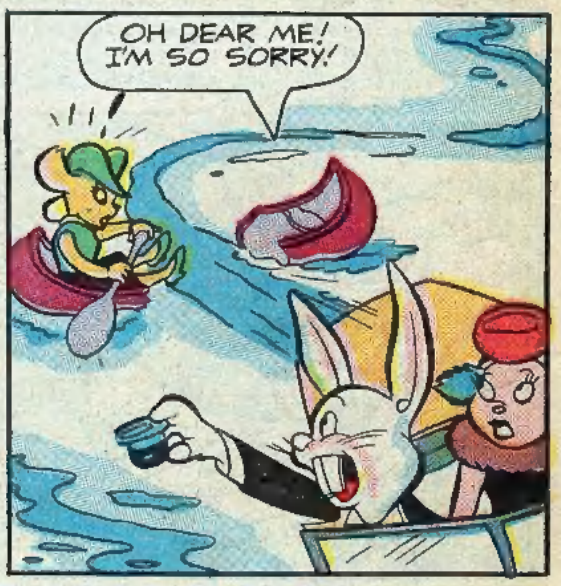

WAIT! LADY! HIM A SAILOR! HAW! HAW!
CAST OFF MY FRIEND BEFORE I STOP BEING A GENTLEMAN!

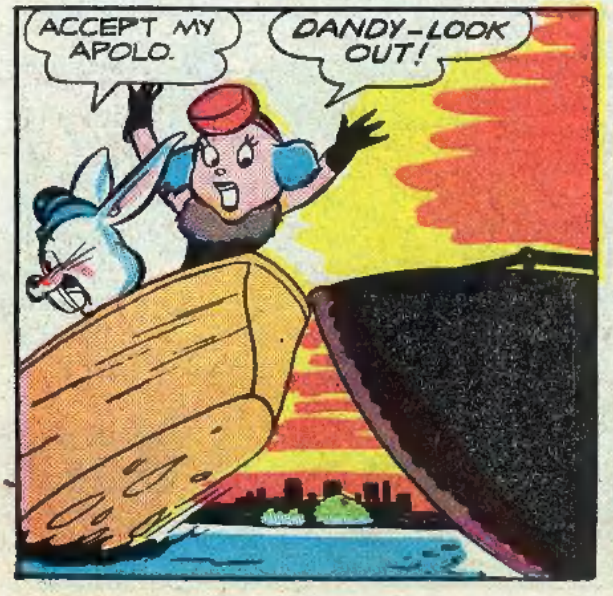

SHOVE OFF!
HEY.. YOU! * @ !
BOATS
SPLASH

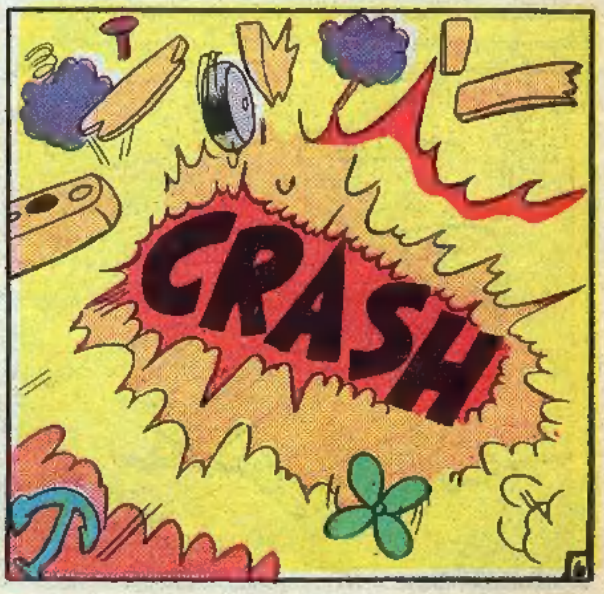
TSK! TSK! HE LOOKS MAD!
MY APOLOGIES SIR!


LOOK OUT!
BANG!
SPLASH

HEY! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T LOOK WERE WE WERE GOING!


OH DEAR ME! I'M SO SORRY!

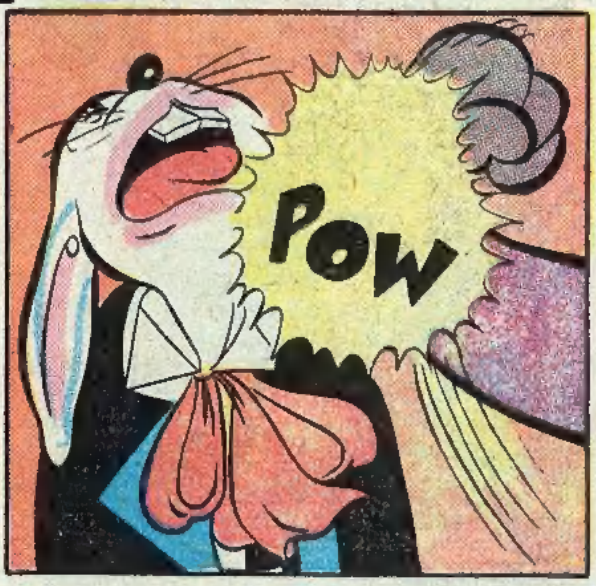

ACCEPT MY APOLO.
DANDY-LOOK OUT!


CRASH

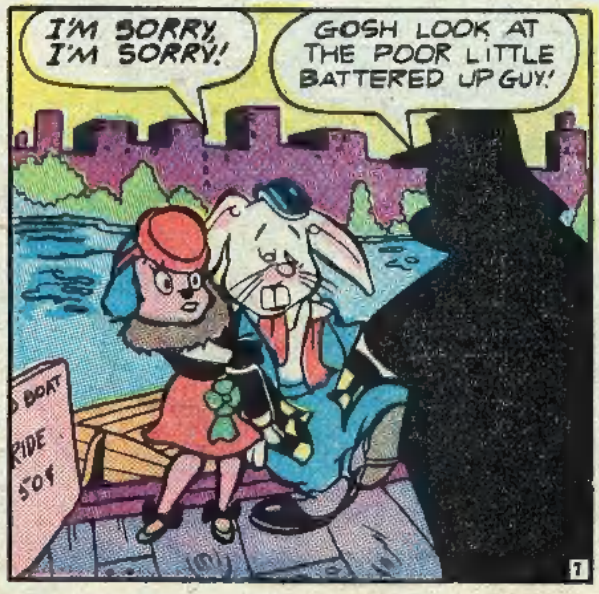
HEH! HEH! QUITE AN ACCIDENT WASN'T IT! I'M SORRY GENTLEMEN!

SORRY? WELL AIN'T DAT NICE NOW?

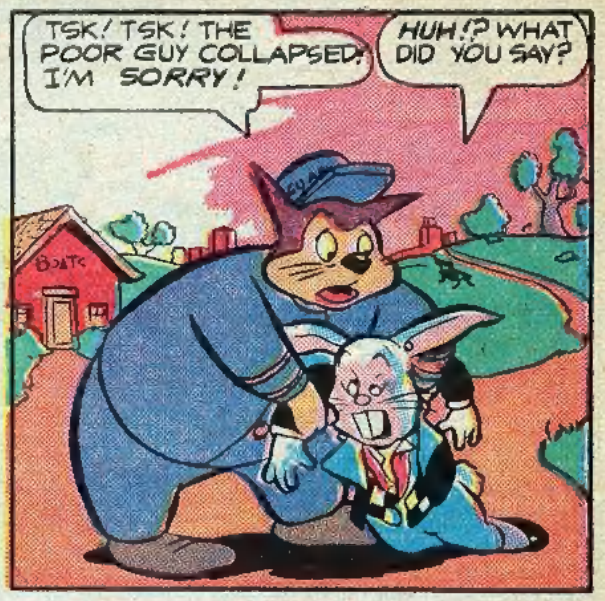
I'M GONNA HAVE A LITTLE ACCIDENT OF MY OWN!
WAIT I SAID I WAS SORRY!


POW

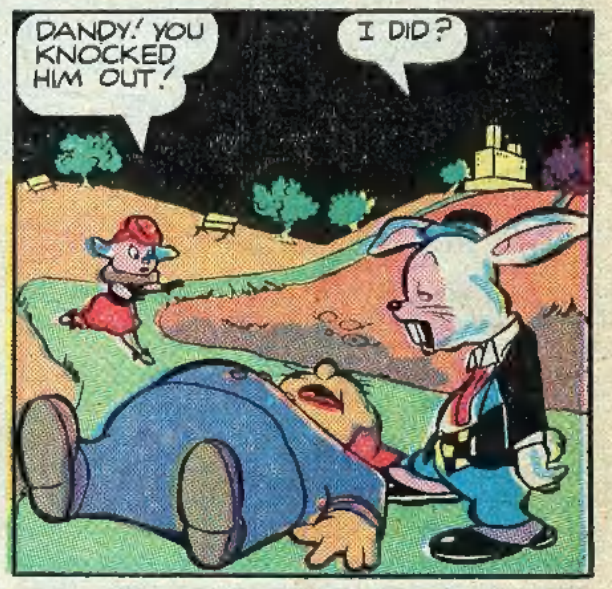
I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY!


I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!
GOSH LOOK AT THE POOR LITTLE BATTERED UP GUY!

I'M SORRY, I'M SORR..
DANDY!
PLOP


TSK! TSK! THE POOR GUY COLLAPSED. I'M SORRY!
HUH!? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

SORRY! I CAN'T STAND THAT WORD ANYMORE!
POW


DANDY! YOU KNOCKED HIM OUT!
I DID?

I GUESS I LOST MY TEMPER!
MY HERO!

SEE! IT PAYS TO BE A GENTLEMAN!
OH YEAH?

THE LOST SWORD

By LUKAY

THE circus was in an uproar. The sword swallower's sword had been stolen. Everybody blamed everybody else. The tents were turned upside down and inside out while the search went on. But no one could find it. You can imagine how the manager felt, not to mention Swordy, the swordsman, without that sword his act could not go on.

It was about six o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The next performance wouldn't take place until the following afternoon. They had a little less than twenty-four hours to find the sword. But they were stymied. They just didn't know where else to go or how to even begin a systematized search.

And this is the saddest part of all. It was Ruff who had the sword last. When it was reported missing, he explained how he and Reddy had gone to pay Swordy a visit. On entering the tent, they found no one there at all. But there, on the bed, was the shining sword. And Ruff, always anxious to show off, picked up the sword to show Reddy that he too could perform with it and possibly even swallow it. He had it up in the air and was just about to stick it in his mouth when he heard footsteps. Thinking that it was Swordy returning, he became frightened, flung the sword from him and ran, Reddy following closely at his heels. Ruff couldn't imagine why the sword wasn't on the floor of the tent. He was certain that someone must have come in and taken it. But that was how matters stood. No one admitted having seen the sword after Ruff left the tent and Swordy said that it wasn't there when he entered.

In the meantime, Ruff was held incommunicado. He sat in a little room while the circus manager hurled questions at him that he couldn't answer. Over and over again, he told them that he just dropped the sword and ran. What, oh what could poor Ruff do?

And so, not only do we have a sad little Ruff, but we have an even more woebegone Reddy. He just couldn't go anywhere or do anything without Ruff. And so he ran around like a busy little bee determined to prove Ruff's innocence. For everybody blamed Ruff. Everybody that is, except Spangles, the clown. He knew that Ruff didn't take the sword, or even wantonly destroy it and he felt that after some investigation it would be found. So, of course, he offered to help Reddy.

Spangles called a meeting of all the animals. "We must do something about this. We have to help Ruff out of the jam he is in," he told them in animal language. "Each of you will set about doing something that will help find the sword. What do you suggest?"

The animals all started talking at once. They were very excited. They wanted to help any friend of Spangles! Spangles was the only one who understood their language and so was the only one that really understood them. There was nothing they wouldn't do for him. Spangles could hear them saying:

"Do you think the sword swallower really swallowed the sword without realizing it?"

"Do you think the manager hid the sword just to get the swordsman in trouble?"

"Do you think they're using Ruff as a scapegoat?"

Spangles listened to them all carefully. They were saying all this in animal language, and he answered them in their own tongue. "If the sword isn't really lost, and if there is any foul play, it's up to us to find out what it is. That's the only way we can prove Ruff's innocence."

And so Spangles ordered them each to their tasks. "The two woodchucks will climb under the tent and make a thorough investigation of the ground under the floor of the tent. The elephant will shake the trees all around the tent, just in case the sword is stuck in one of them. The giraffe can look on the roof of the tent. And all the rest of you can examine, very carefuly, the grounds around the tent. It's quite late now and we have no time to lose. Let's all report back here at midnight. In the meantime, Reddy and I will try to get in to see Ruff and talk with him."

Each of the animals went off to perform his respective task and Reddy walked off holding Spangles' hand and prattling. "Do you think we'll get in to see him? The manager thinks that if he frightens Ruff, he'll find out where the sword is. Maybe they won't let us in to see him."

But Spangles convinced the manager that he might be able to locate the sword if he would just let him talk to Ruff and so they entered the room where Ruff was seated on a little bench, looking very forlorn. And did he jump when he saw them? Boy, he was so delighted that he could scarcely contain himself.

"Am I glad that you came?" he cried. "I'm so lonesome and frightened I scarcely know what to do."

"We're going to find the sword, no matter what happens," said Reddy.

"Yes," said Spangles, "just tell us exactly what happened."

"I can only tell you what I told all the rest of them. I became so frightened when I heard the footsteps outside the tent that I just dropped the sword and ran. It was about twelve o'clock. . . ."

"Twelve o'clock," cried Reddy. "Why Swordy said he didn't go back to his tent until two o'clock. Somebody else was in there after us. It was somebody else's footsteps that we heard. We must find out who it was."

"Now we have something to work on," said Spangles. "Come on, Reddy, let's see if the animals have found anything. Otherwise we'll start to work on this new clue."

Just as they came out of the manager's office, the beaver came running up to them crying, "I hear that you're looking for a sword and I think I've found it. Come with me, come with me!"

"Come on Reddy, let's hurry," cried Spangles. And the two of them followed the beaver down the road to the bank of a lovely stream. The beaver explained that while he was diving in and out of the stream, just playing, he came across this fish. And there on the bank was a huge swordfish.

Spangles laughed and laughed. "Why that's just a swordfish," he said. "They all have mouths like that. Shaped just like a sword." And he opened the fish's mouth and there inside was nothing that didn't belong there.

"Oh, I know what a swordfish is," said the beaver looking a little crestfallen. "I know that they have mouths like that. But I just thought that since this one was so near the circus, he might have hidden the sword in his mouth and nobody would be the wiser. As a matter of fact, I was so sure of it, I didn't even bother to open his mouth to look inside."

"That's all right," said Spangles. "I think this whole case has given us all the jitters. Just look what's happening now!"

And there coming down the raod was a whole procession of animals; running, jumping, hopping, and all talking at once. "They say she is in great pain," they were shouting.

"Someone is in pain," said Spangles. "Let's see who it is!"

"See who it is!" cried Reddy. 'Why all those animals should be looking for the sword and here they are running around wild."

"We must help them," said Spangles. "Someone is in pain and we have to see if there is something we can do about it. The sword will just have to wait."

There was nothing poor Reddy could do but follow Spangles who was following the throng. Elephants, tigers, lions, squirrels, woodchucks, bears, everyone was running all in the same direction and Spangles and Reddy were following them.

Suddenly Reddy cried, "Oh look! Look at what I see. There's something shiny sticking up out of the ground. Won't somebody please help me find out what it is?"

"There's just a tiny speck sticking out, we'll have to dig the ground around it to see what it is," said Spangles. "It'll take quite a while."

"Why I'll have it out in a jiffy," said the squirrel stopping on his way. And he started burrowing very quickly. He was in a hurry to join the rest of the animals who were going on to help one of their number who was in great pain. He dug all around the shining object while Spangles and Reddy waited with baited breath. But when he finally pulled it out, they sighed in disappointment. It was only an old steel knife that somebody left in the woods. Reddy hung his head sadly and slowly walked after Spangles and the squirrel who were running to catch up with the parade.

They finally arrived at a clearing in the woods and there found a mother kangaroo lying in the grass and moaning and moaning. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she cried. "I have such a terrific pain in my abdomen. And it seems that everytime the baby jumps into my pouch, the pain becomes worse."

"Well," said Spangles, "perhaps there's something in your pouch. It may not be the abdomen at all. This looks like a job for the giraffe. Suppose you stick your neck in the pouch to see what's there?"

The giraffe stuck his head down the pouch and came up with a glistening piece of metal. It was the sword.

"That's it," cried Spangles. "That's Swordy's sword. We've been looking all over for it. How did it ever happen to get in your pouch?" he asked the kangaroo.

"Now that I think of it, I can just see how it happened," she answered. "I was walking near the circus this afternoon and something struck me. It frightened me so that I just ran. I thought I was hit by something, but evidently it was this sword that fell into my pouch and stayed there."

"See Reddy," said Spangles, "what would have happened if we didn't come? They might never have realized that this was the sword we were looking for, so far away from the circus."

"Oh," said Reddy, overjoyed, "let's run and tell Ruff. He'll be [redacted] happy. He must have thrown the sword so hard when he ran out of the tent that it, too, went right out of the tent and into the kangaroo's pouch."

"Yes," said Spangles, "and it shows how careful you must be to help other people with their problems. It may help you to solve your own."

BULL BOWSER

WHAM

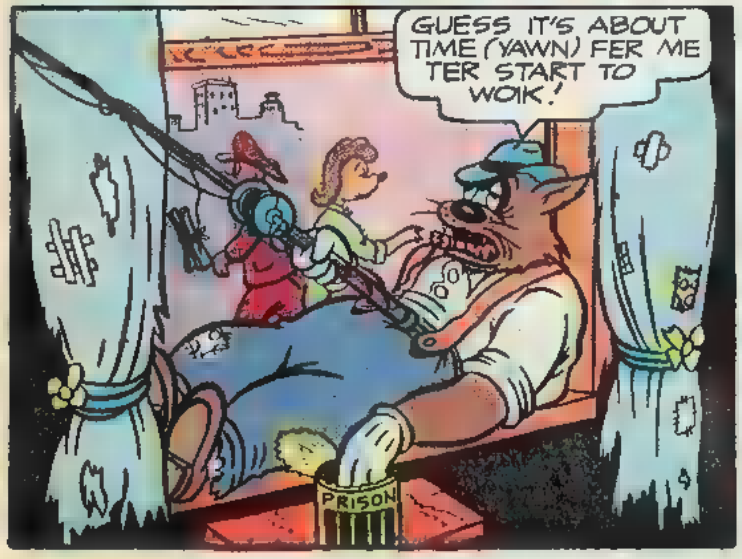
P-PLEASE, BULL! I WANTA LEARN MY A B C S!

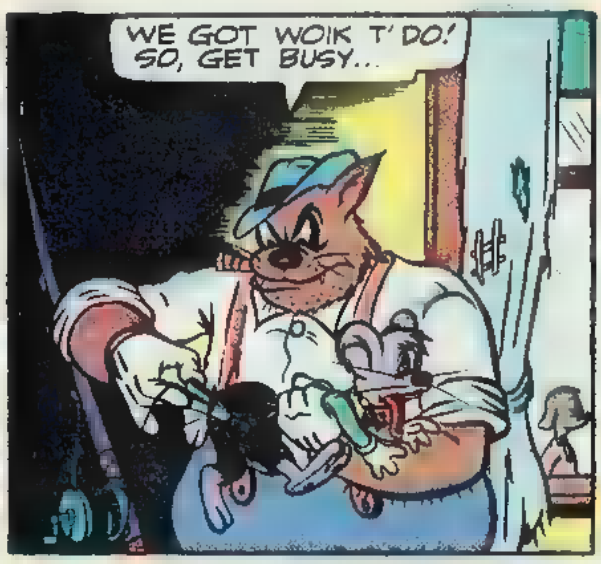
I'LL LOIN YER! HEH! HEH! YOU'RE WOIKIN' FER ME, TIMMY!

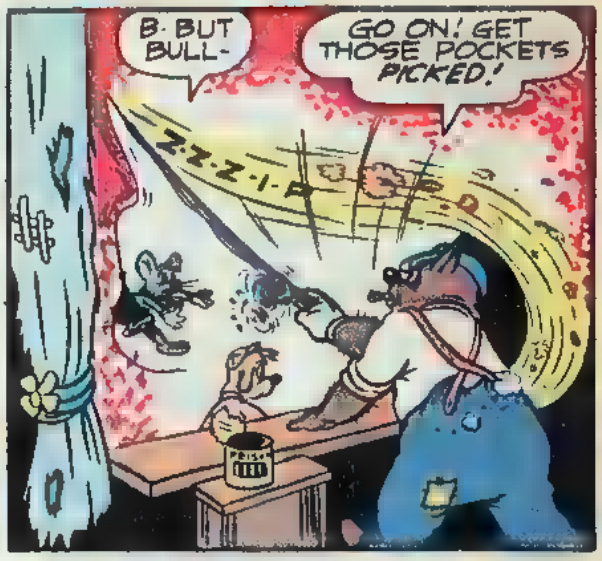
CITY DUMP

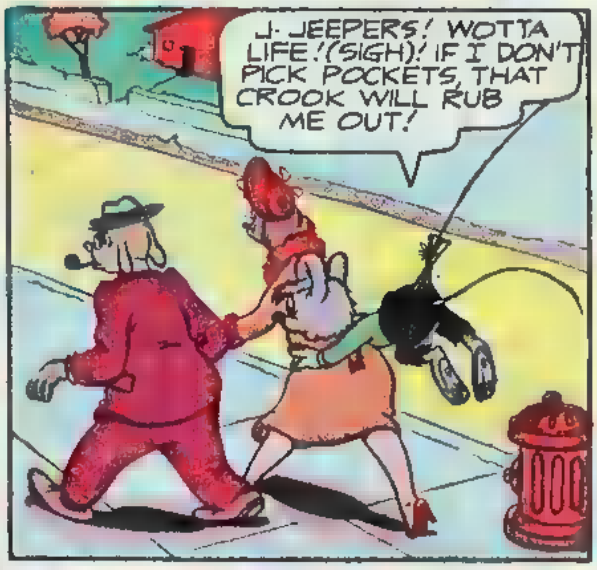
IN THE TOILS OF BULL BOWSER, LITTLE TIMMY IS FORCED TO TOIL AT THE DIRTY WORK AND CROOKED SCHEMES OF THE WICKED BOWSER WITH BEATING TIPPED WITH WHIPPED SCREAMS AS HIS SOLE REWARD, IN THIS DIRE DRAMA STARRING *BULL BOWSER* AND *TIMMY MOUSE* IN *THE STURGEON'S STRIFE!*

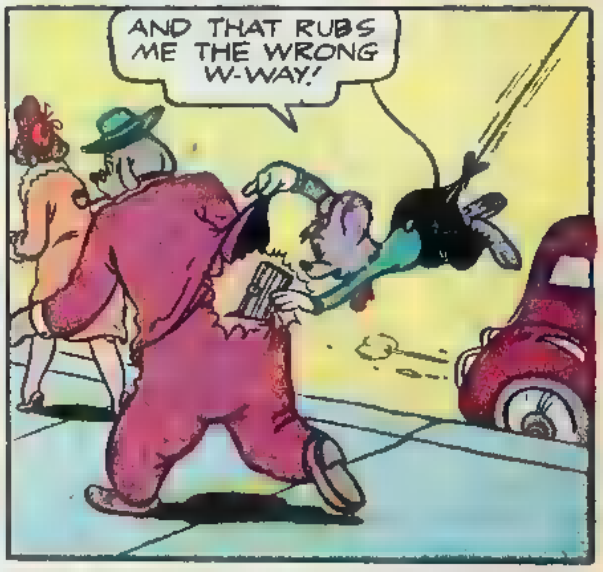
JCA

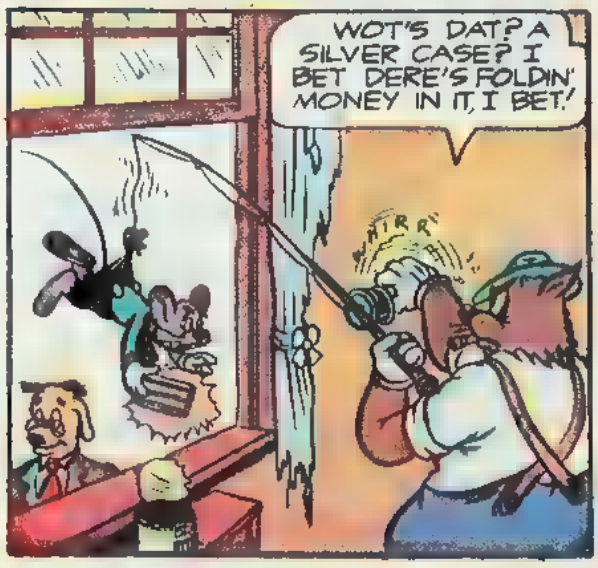


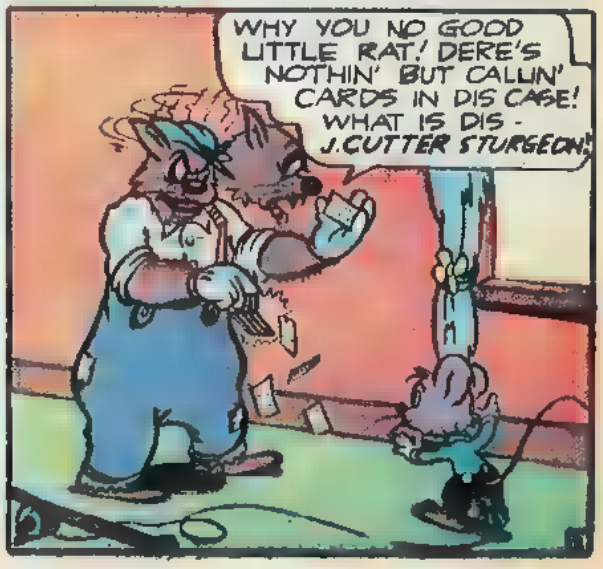

WE GOT WOIK T' DO! SO, GET BUSY...


B-BUT BULL-
GO ON! GET THOSE POCKETS PICKED!
Z-Z-Z-I-P

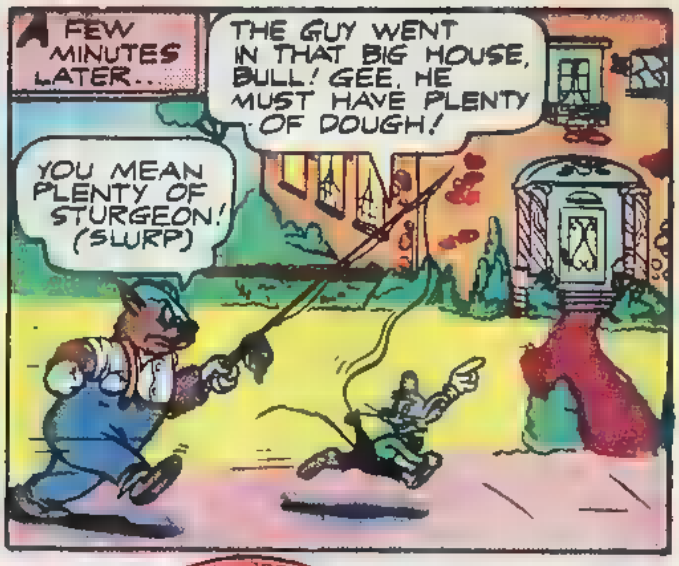

J-JEEPERS! WOTTA LIFE! (SIGH)! IF I DON'T PICK POCKETS, THAT CROOK WILL RUB ME OUT!

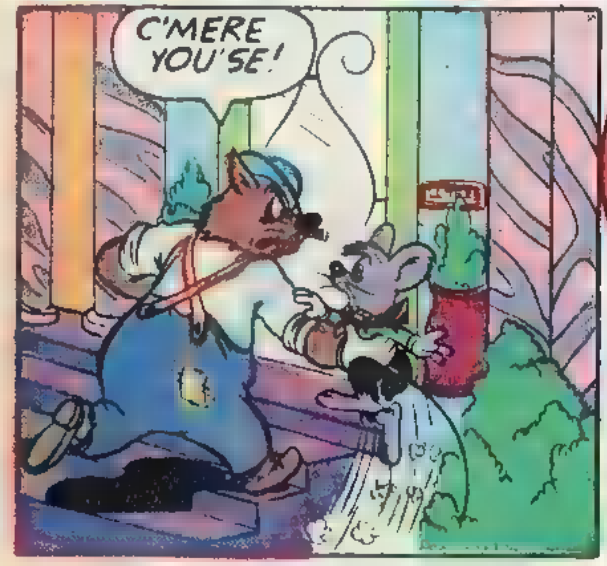

AND THAT RUBS ME THE WRONG W-WAY!


WOT'S DAT? A SILVER CASE? I BET DERE'S FOLDIN' MONEY IN IT, I BET!
WHIRR

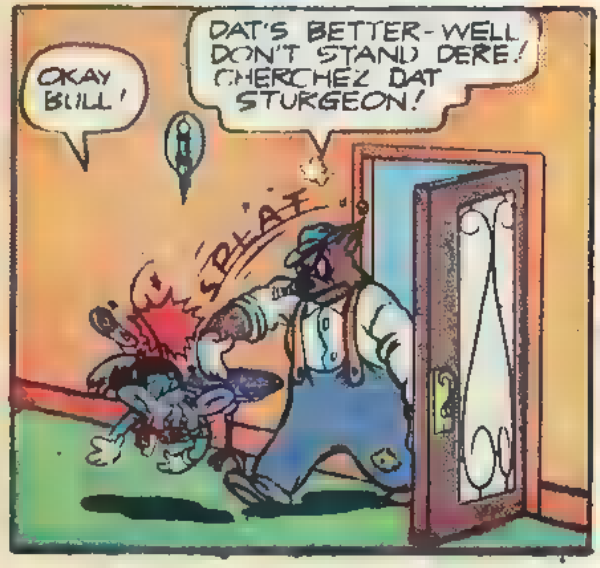

WHY YOU NO GOOD LITTLE RAT! DERE'S NOTHIN' BUT CALLIN' CARDS IN DIS CASE! WHAT IS DIS - J. CUTTER STURGEON!

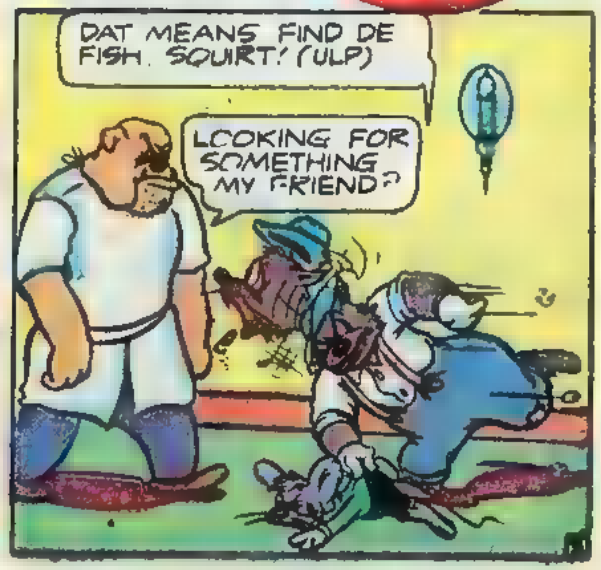
BOILED STURGEON WHAT A DISH! STURGEON IS MY FAVORITE FISH! FOLLOW DIS CUTTER JERK! GET GOIN' TIMMY!

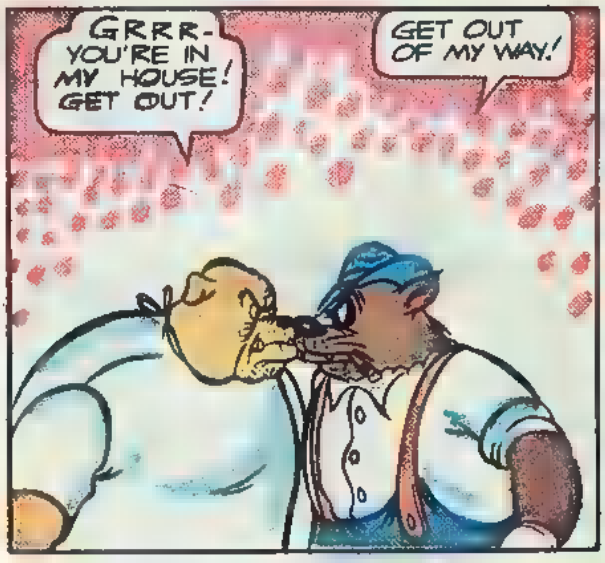

A FEW MINUTES LATER..
THE GUY WENT IN THAT BIG HOUSE, BULL! GEE, HE MUST HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH!
YOU MEAN PLENTY OF STURGEON! (SLURP)

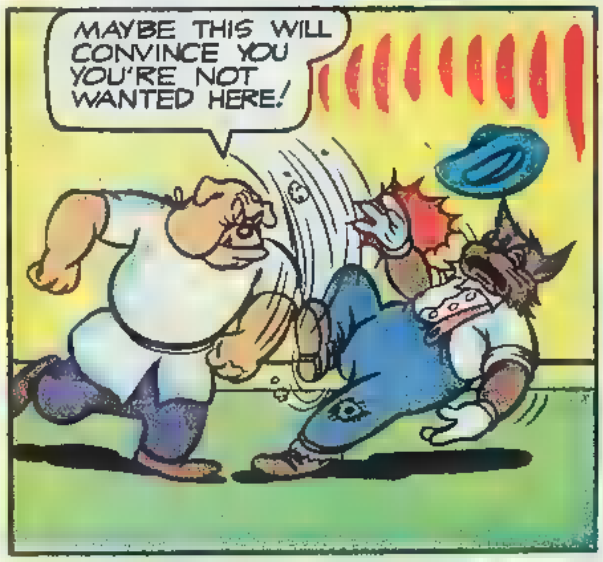

C'MERE YOU'SE!

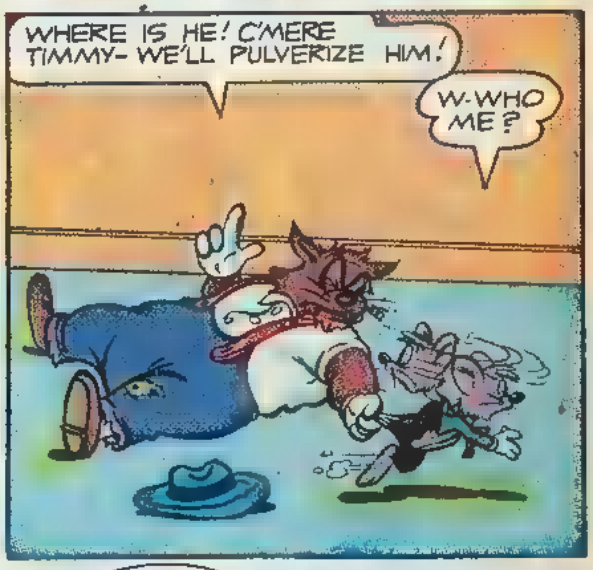
D' DOOR'S LOCKED HE CAN'T GET AWAY WIT DAT!
LETTER
GET IN DERE AND LEMME IN!

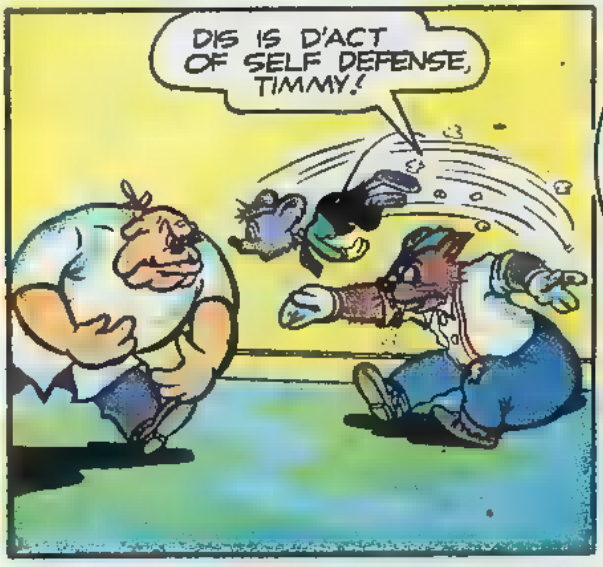

OKAY BULL!
DAT'S BETTER-WELL DON'T STAND DERE! CHERCHEZ DAT STURGEON!
SPLAT

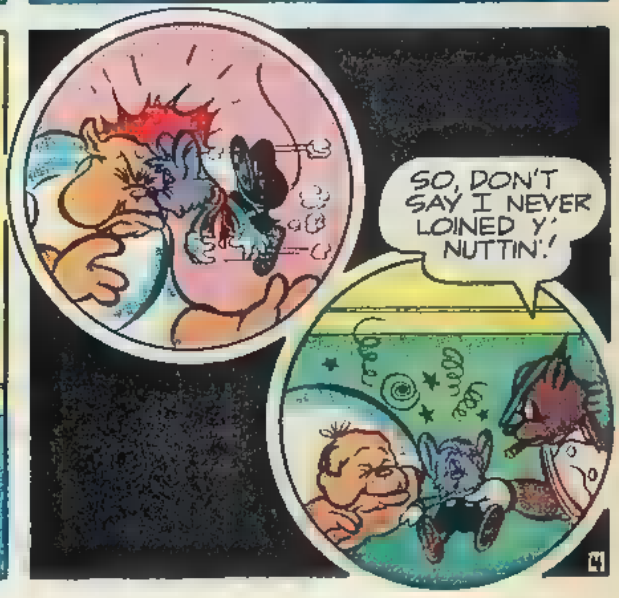

DAT MEANS FIND DE FISH, SQUIRT! (ULP)
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING MY FRIEND?

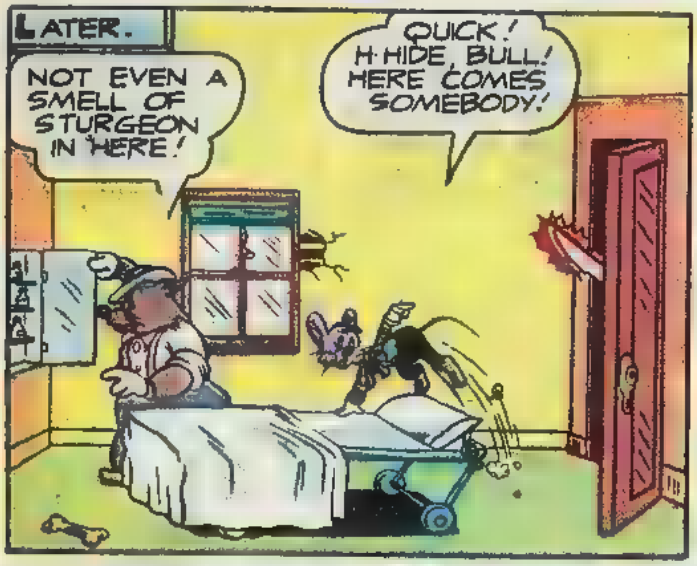

GRRR- YOU'RE IN MY HOUSE! GET OUT!
GET OUT OF MY WAY!

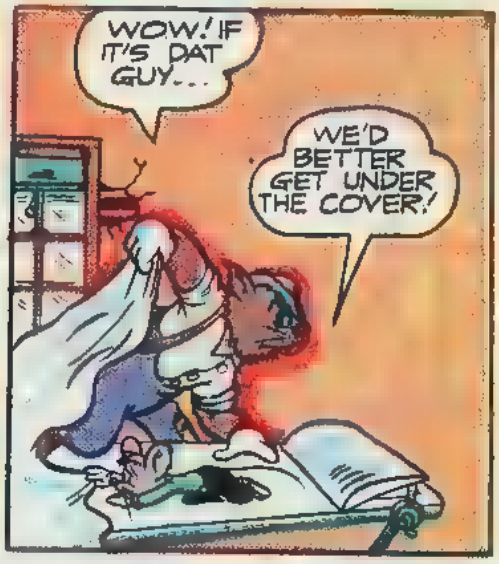

MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU YOU'RE NOT WANTED HERE!

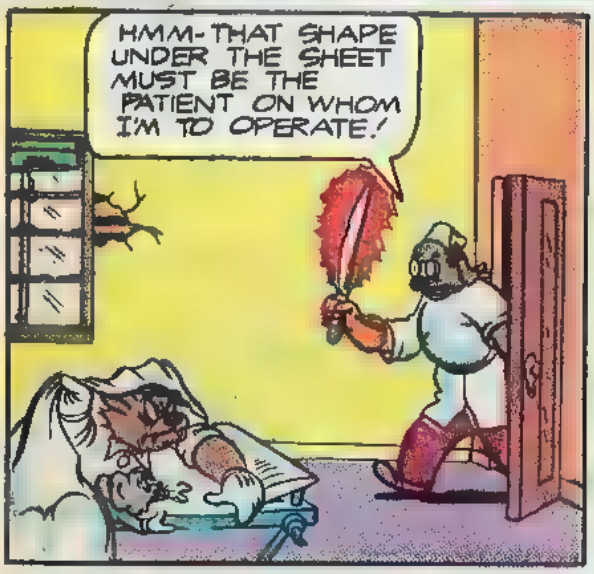

WHERE IS HE! C'MERE TIMMY- WE'LL PULVERIZE HIM!
W-WHO ME?

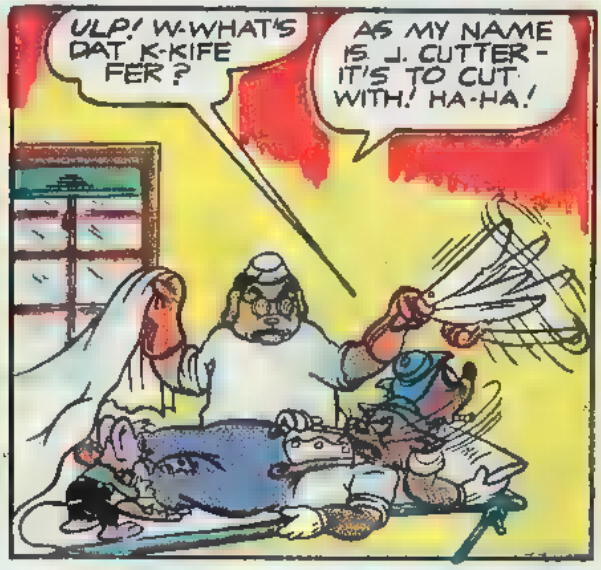

DIS IS D'ACT OF SELF DEFENSE, TIMMY!

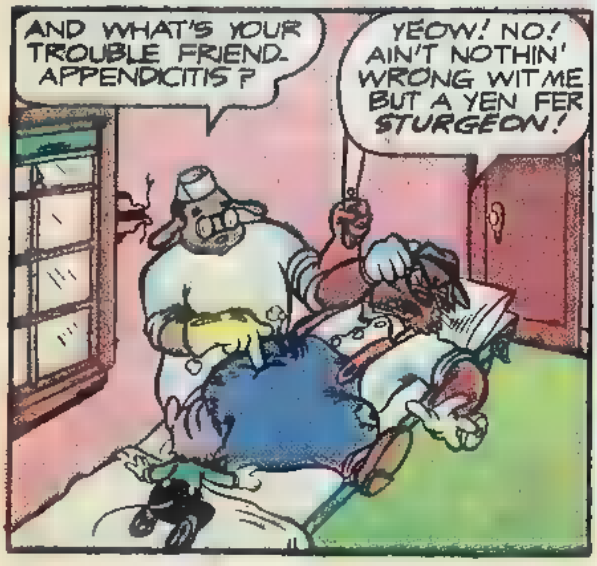

SO, DON'T SAY I NEVER LOINED Y' NUTTIN'!

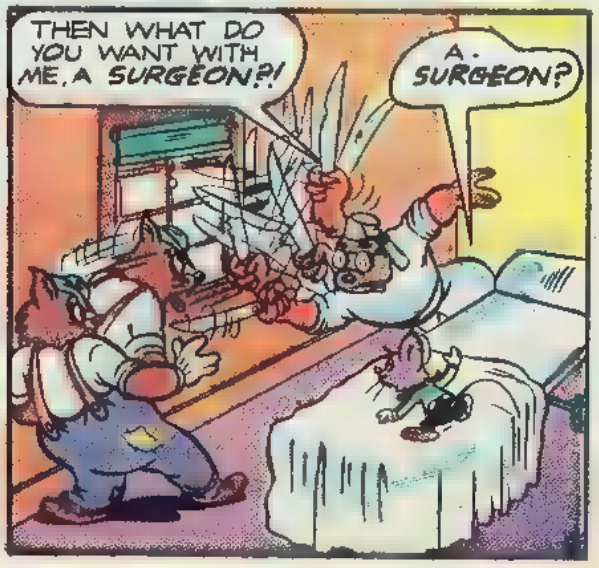

LATER.
NOT EVEN A SMELL OF STURGEON IN HERE!
QUICK! H-HIDE, BULL! HERE COMES SOMEBODY!

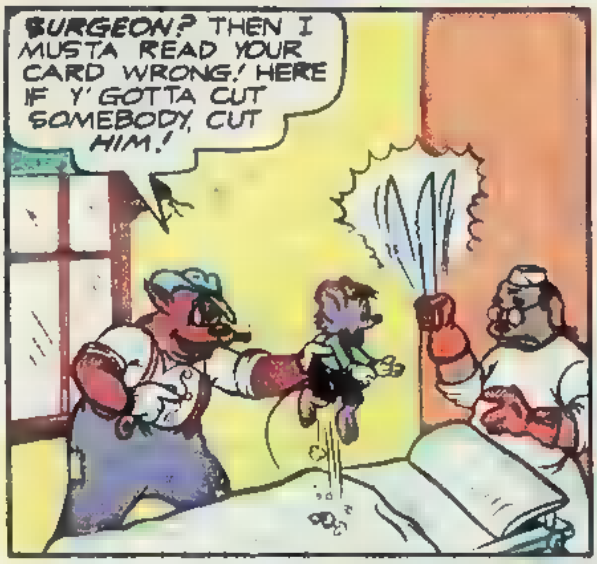

WOW! IF IT'S DAT GUY...
WE'D BETTER GET UNDER THE COVER!

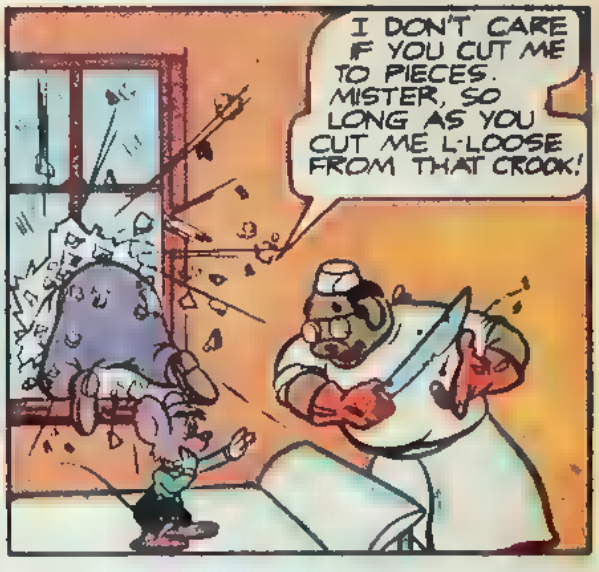

HMM-THAT SHAPE UNDER THE SHEET MUST BE THE PATIENT ON WHOM I'M TO OPERATE!

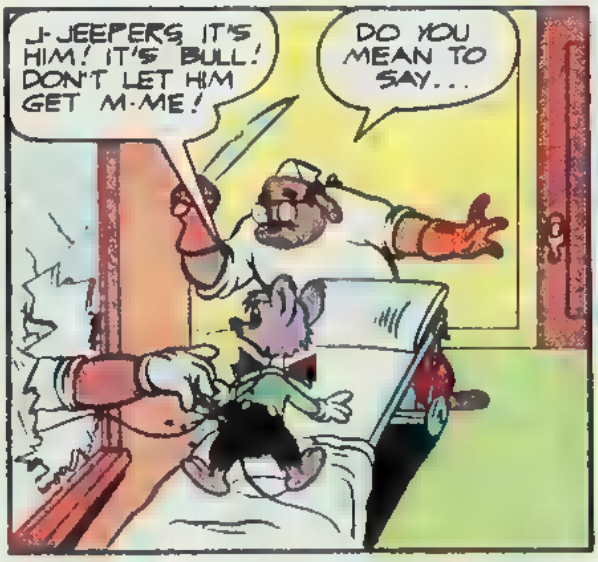

ULP! W-WHAT'S DAT K-KIFE FER?
AS MY NAME IS J. CUTTER - IT'S TO CUT WITH! HA-HA!


AND WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE FRIEND- APPENDICITIS?
YEOW! NO! AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WIT ME BUT A YEN FER STURGEON!

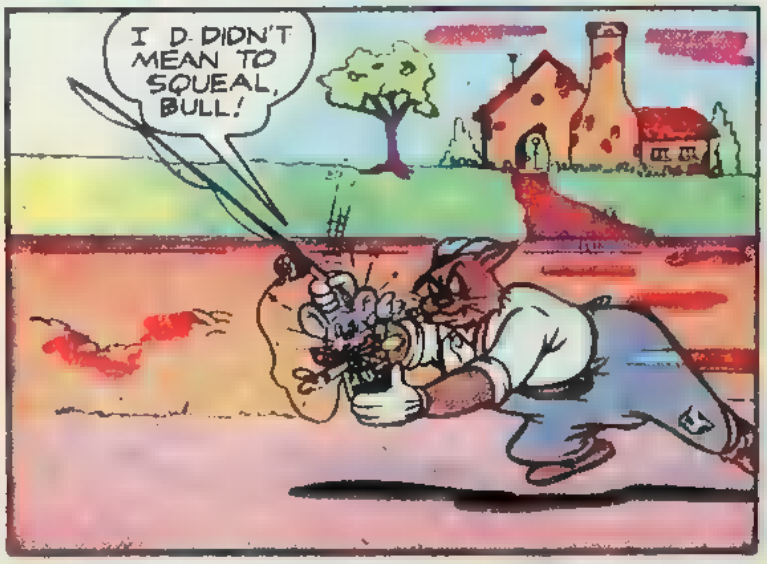

THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME, A SURGEON?!
A SURGEON?

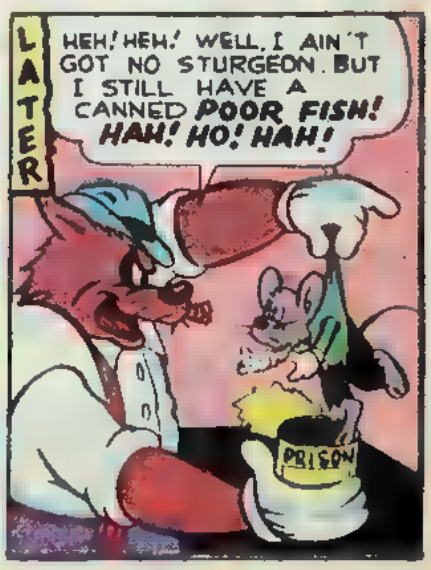

BURGEON? THEN I MUSTA READ YOUR CARD WRONG! HERE IF Y' GOTTA CUT SOMEBODY, CUT HIM!


I DON'T CARE IF YOU CUT ME TO PIECES. MISTER, SO LONG AS YOU CUT ME L-LOOSE FROM THAT CROOK!

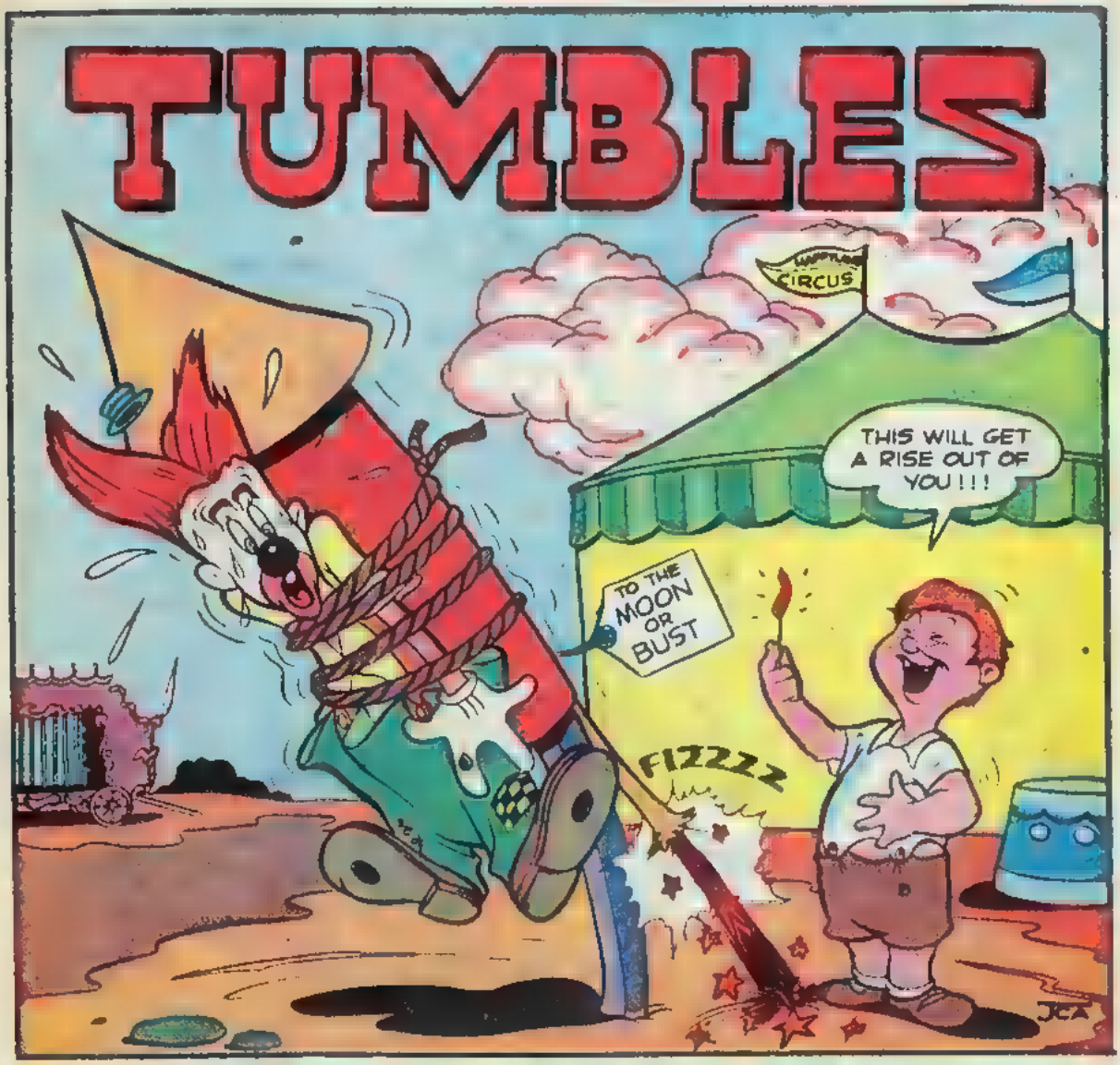

J-JEEPERS, IT'S HIM! IT'S BULL! DON'T LET HIM GET M-ME!
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY...

RATTIN' ON YOUR OLD PAL, EH, RAT..!?
SAY- COME BACK HERE!
I CAN'T!

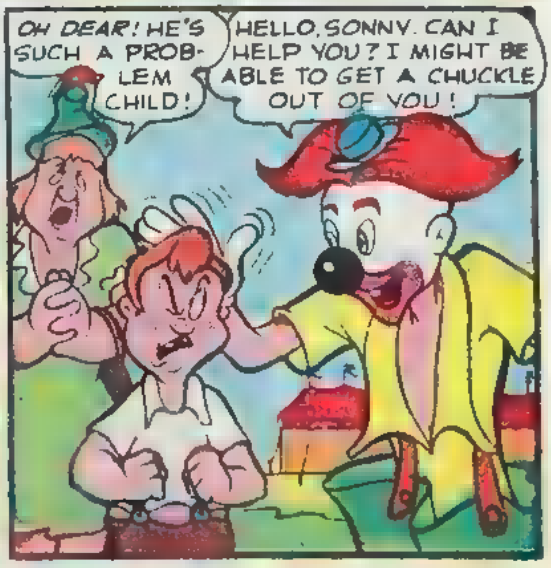

I D-DIDN'T MEAN TO SQUEAL, BULL!

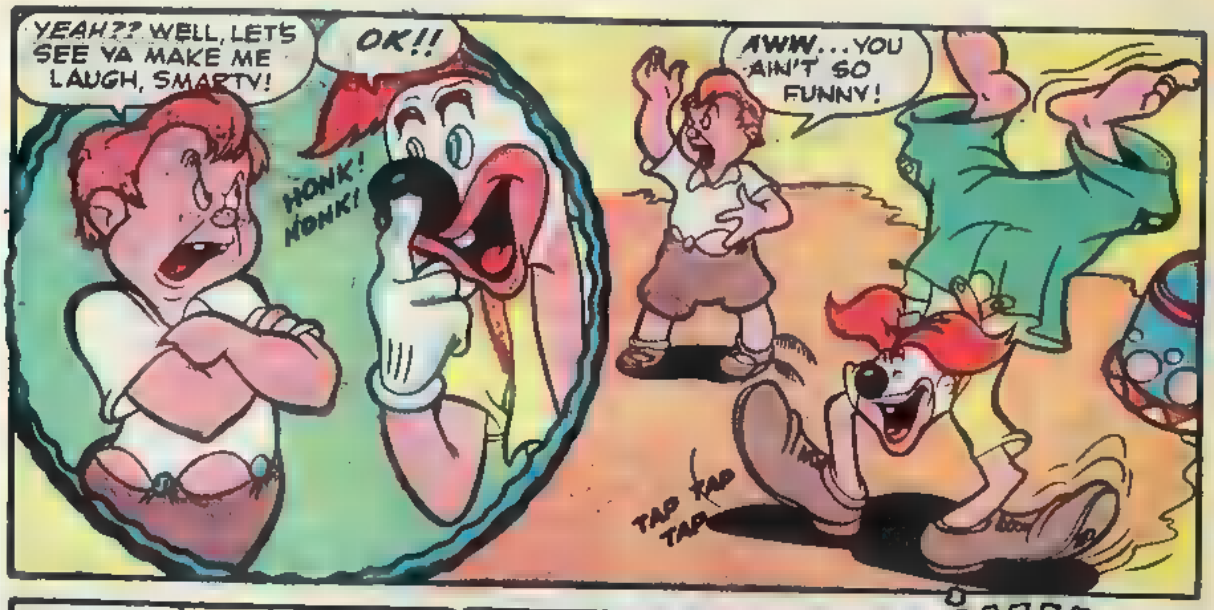

LATER
HEH! HEH! WELL, I AIN'T GOT NO STURGEON. BUT I STILL HAVE A CANNED POOR FISH! HAH! HO! HAH!
PRISON

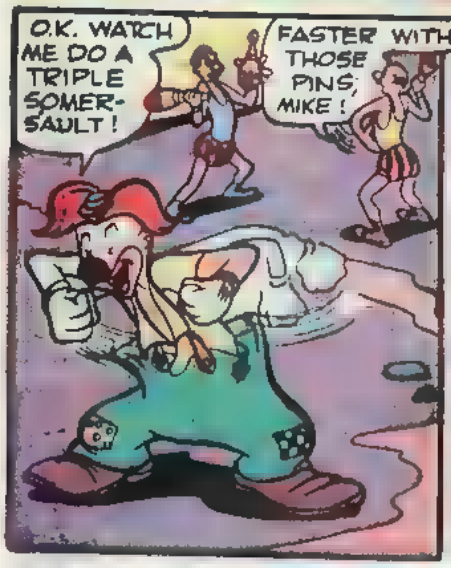
TUMBLES

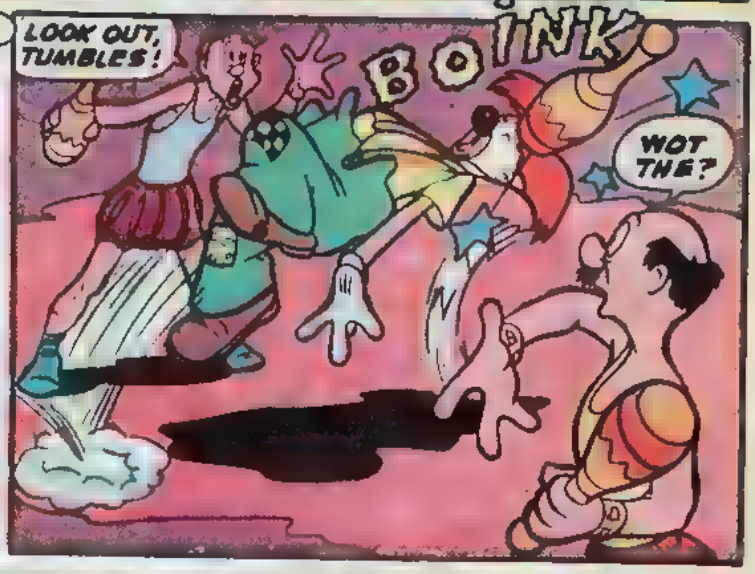

CIRCUS
THIS WILL GET A RISE OUT OF YOU!!!
TO THE MOON OR BUST
FIZZZZ
JCA

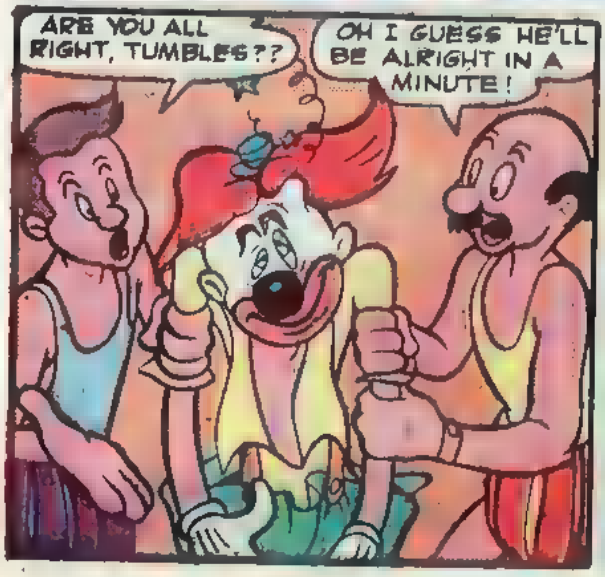
WAHH, WAHH! I WANNA GO HOME! YOU TOLD ME I'D HAVE FUN AT THE CIRCUS! WAH!
BUT JASON DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE WHOLE CIRCUS YET!

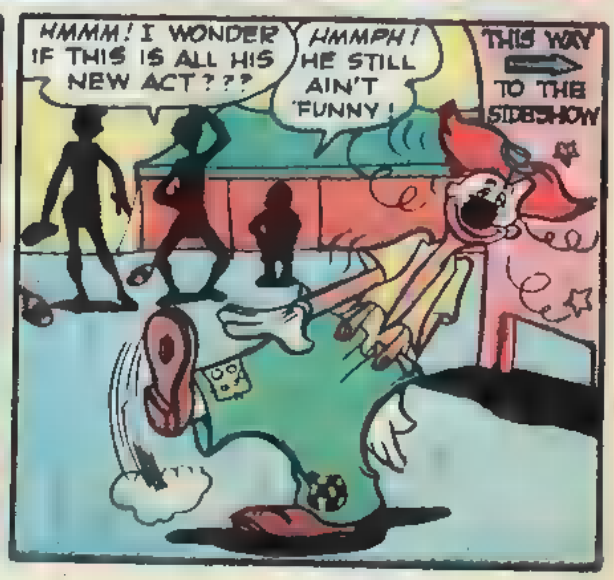

OH DEAR! HE'S SUCH A PROBLEM CHILD!
HELLO, SONNY. CAN I HELP YOU? I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET A CHUCKLE OUT OF YOU!


YEAH?? WELL, LET'S SEE YA MAKE ME LAUGH, SMARTY!
OK!!
HONK! HONK!
AWW... YOU AIN'T SO FUNNY!
TAP TAP TAP


O.K. WATCH ME DO A TRIPLE SOMER-SAULT!
FASTER WITH THOSE PINS, MIKE!


LOOK OUT, TUMBLES!
BOINK
WOT THE?

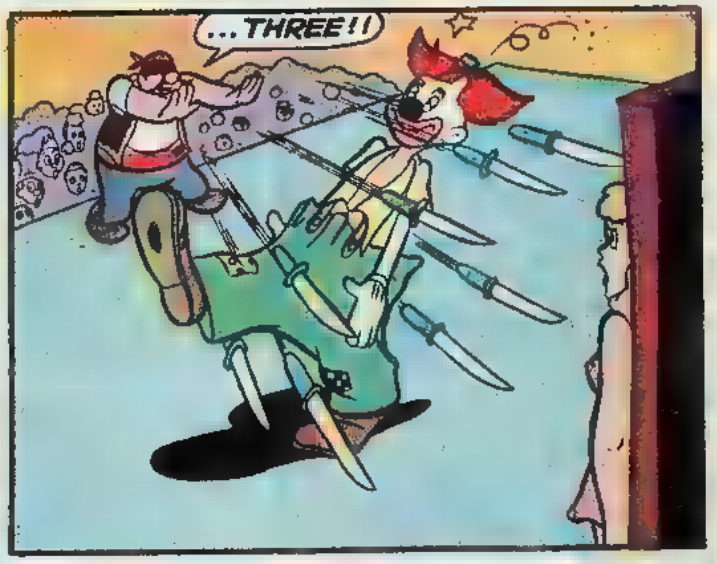

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, TUMBLES??
OH I GUESS HE'LL BE ALRIGHT IN A MINUTE!


HMMM! I WONDER IF THIS IS ALL HIS NEW ACT???
HMMPH! HE STILL AIN'T FUNNY!
THIS WAY
TO THE SIDESHOW

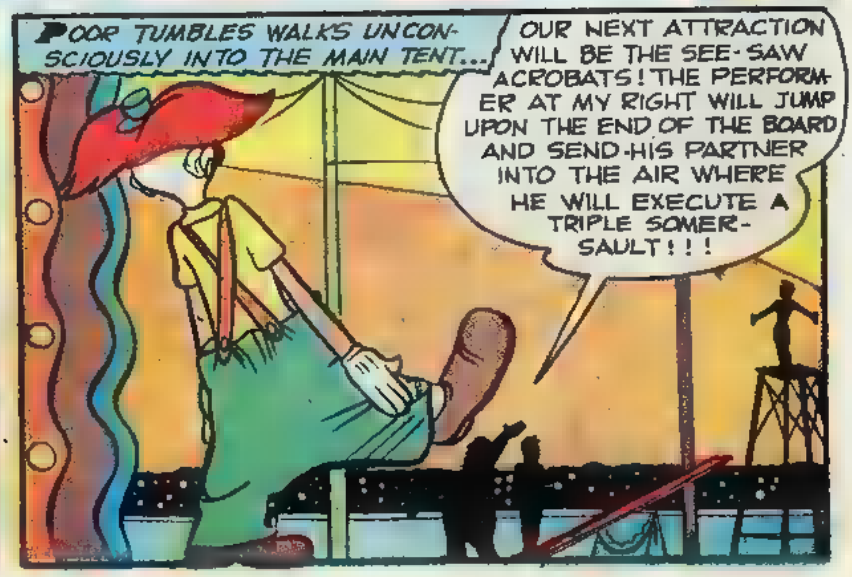
STILLETTO SAM
THE WIZARD OF THE FLYING KNIVES
STEP CLOSER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

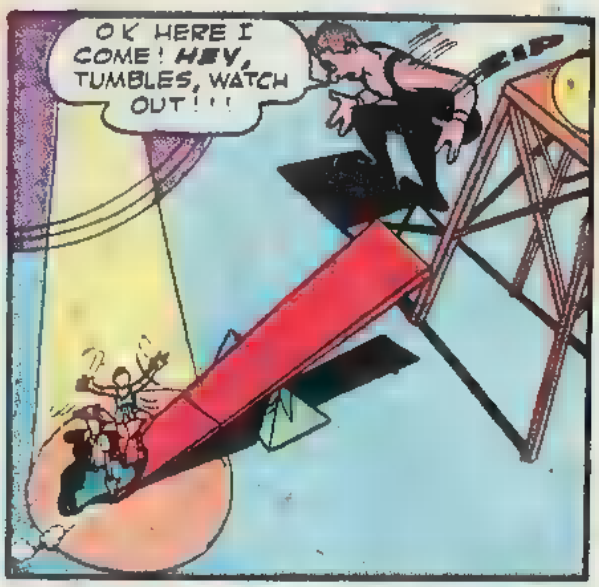
I, THE GREAT STILETTO SAM, WILL NOW DO AN IMPOSSIBLE TRICK. I WILL THROW ALL TEN DAGGERS AROUND MY ASSISTANT BLINDFOLDED!

ONE... TWO.. AND A...

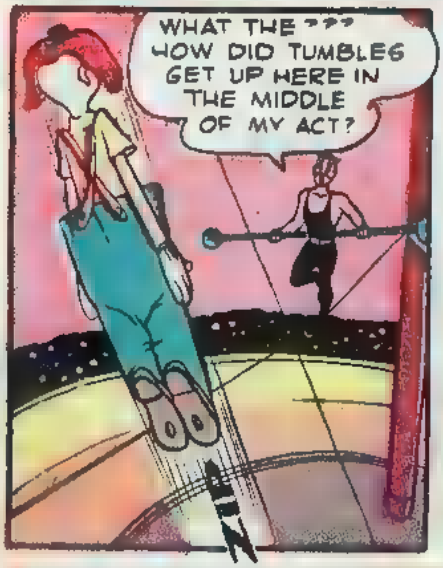

...THREE!!

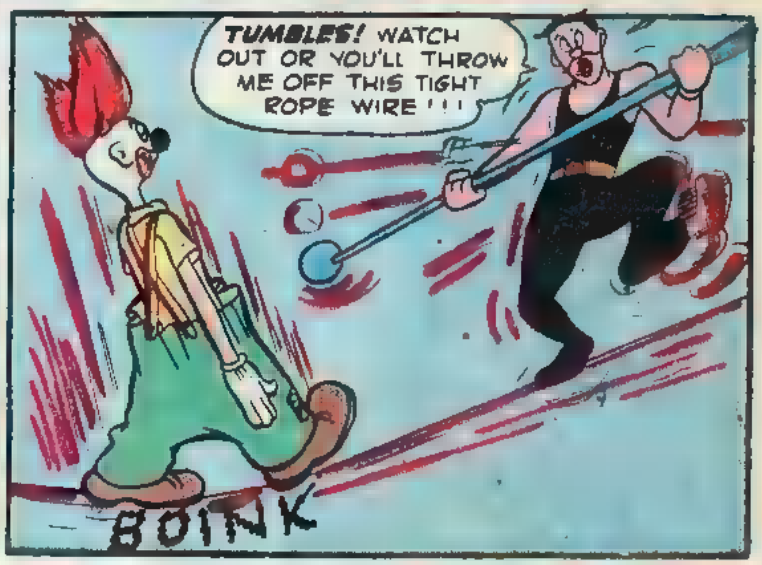
CARRAMBA! I ALMOST KEEL HIM!

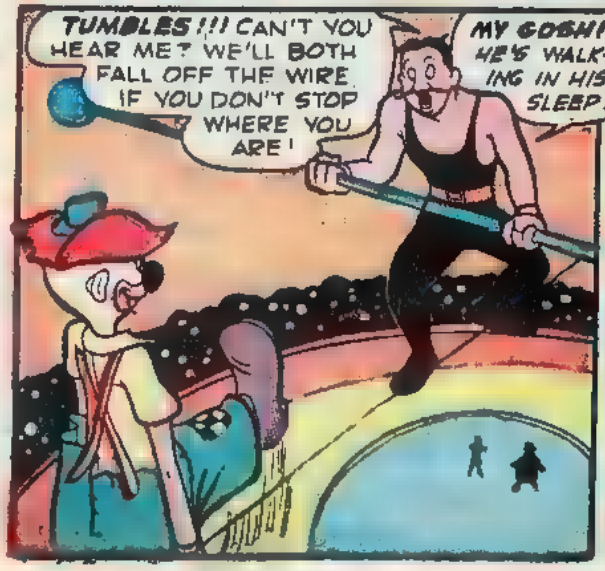

POOR TUMBLES WALKS UNCONSCIOUSLY INTO THE MAIN TENT...
OUR NEXT ATTRACTION WILL BE THE SEE-SAW ACROBATS! THE PERFORMER AT MY RIGHT WILL JUMP UPON THE END OF THE BOARD AND SEND HIS PARTNER INTO THE AIR WHERE HE WILL EXECUTE A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT!!!

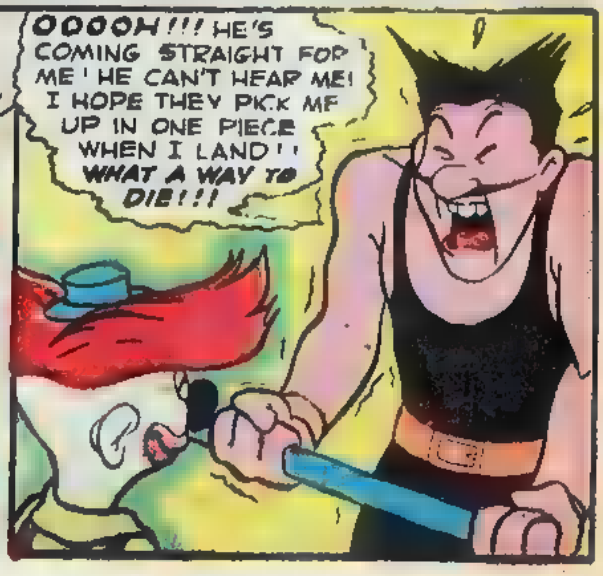

OK HERE I COME! HEY, TUMBLES, WATCH OUT!!!
ZIP

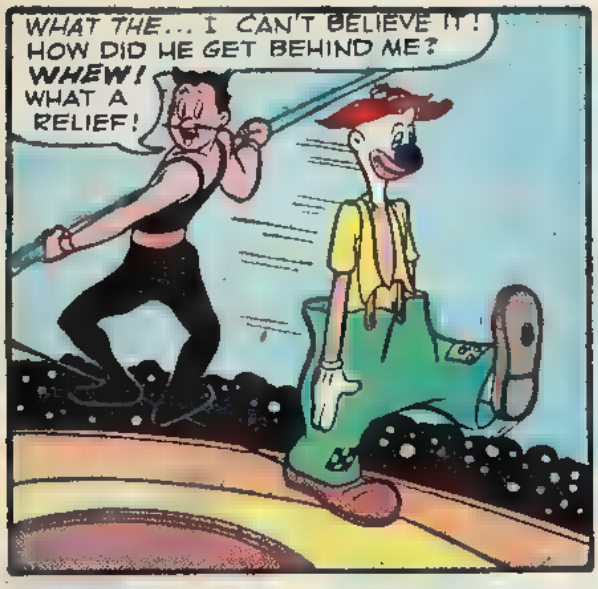
OH MY GOSH!! I SHOT TUMBLES INTO THE AIR INSTEAD OF MY PARTNER!
WHIZ

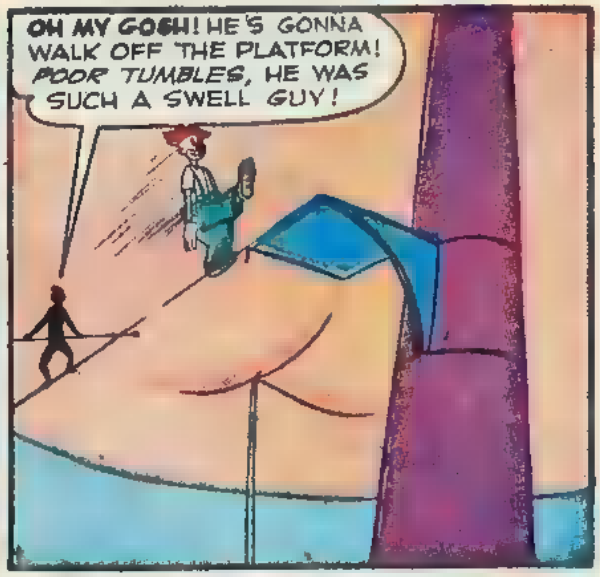

WHAT THE ??? HOW DID TUMBLES GET UP HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF MY ACT?
WHIZ

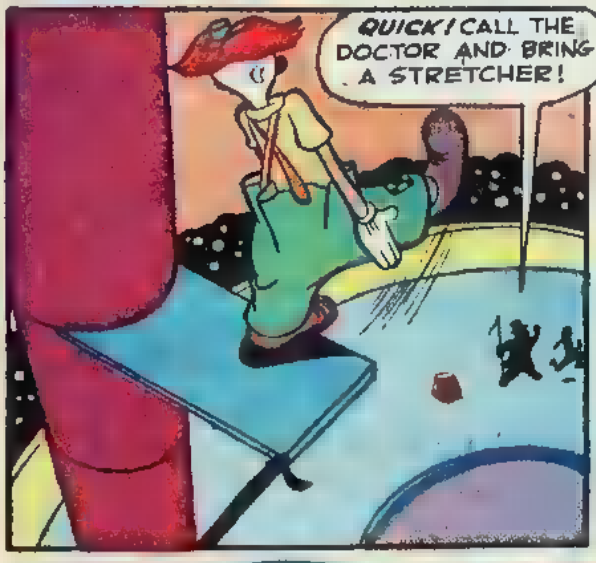

TUMBLES! WATCH OUT OR YOU'LL THROW ME OFF THIS TIGHT ROPE WIRE!!!
BOINK


TUMBLES!!! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? WE'LL BOTH FALL OFF THE WIRE IF YOU DON'T STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
MY GOSH! HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

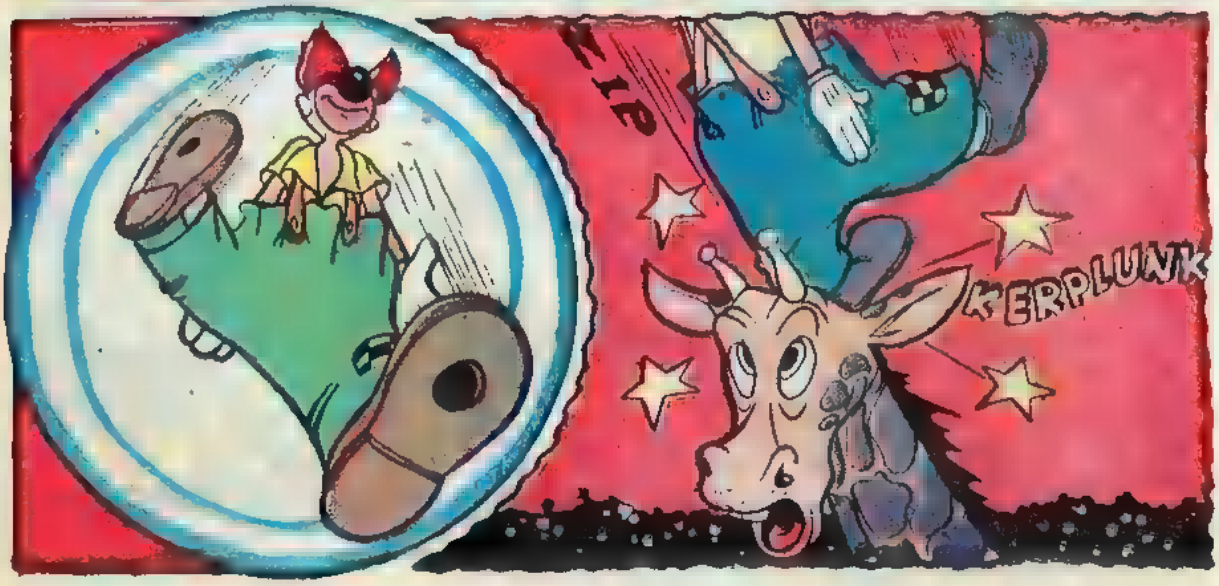

OOOOH!!! HE'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME! HE CAN'T HEAR ME! I HOPE THEY PICK ME UP IN ONE PIECE WHEN I LAND!! WHAT A WAY TO DIE!!!

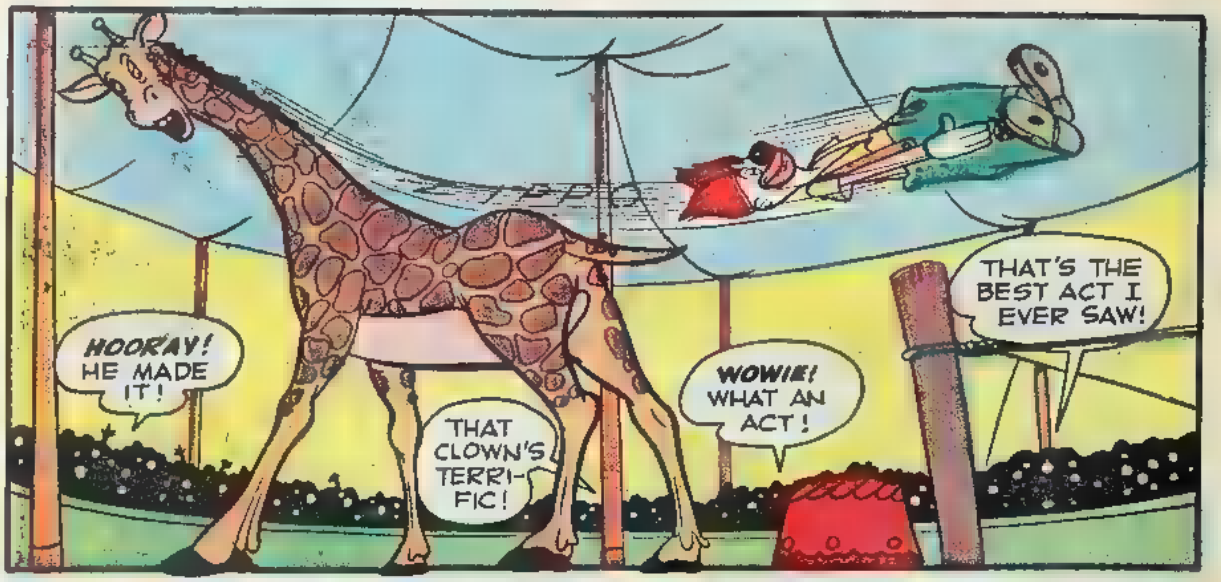

WHAT THE... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HOW DID HE GET BEHIND ME? WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF!

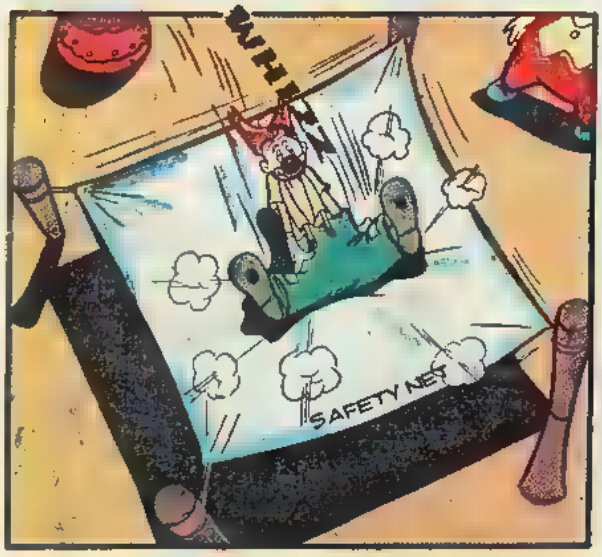

OH MY GOSH! HE'S GONNA WALK OFF THE PLATFORM! POOR TUMBLES, HE WAS SUCH A SWELL GUY!

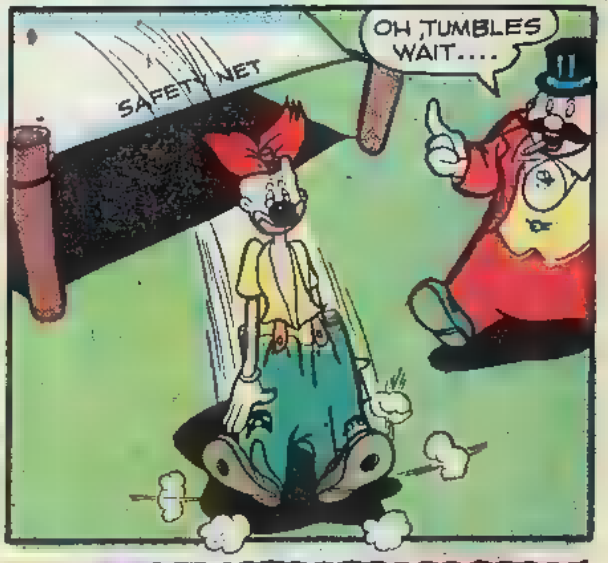

QUICK! CALL THE DOCTOR AND BRING A STRETCHER!

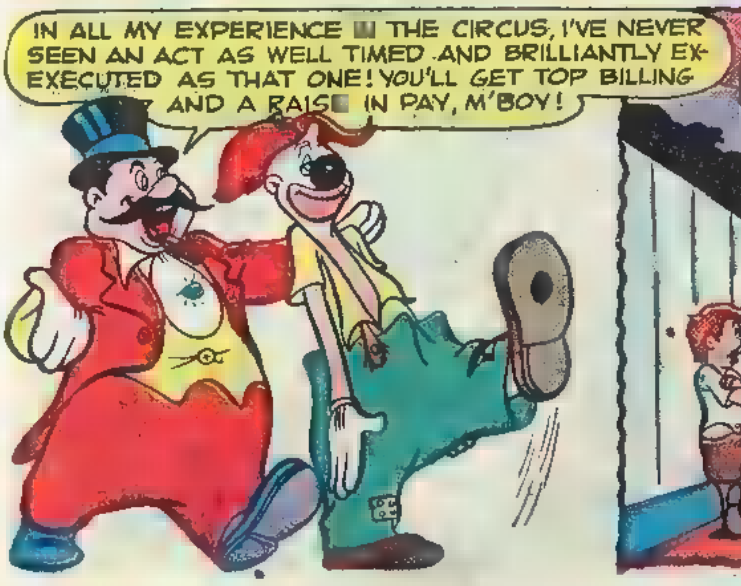
OH! I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH!
EE-E-E-K!! HE'LL BE KILLED!

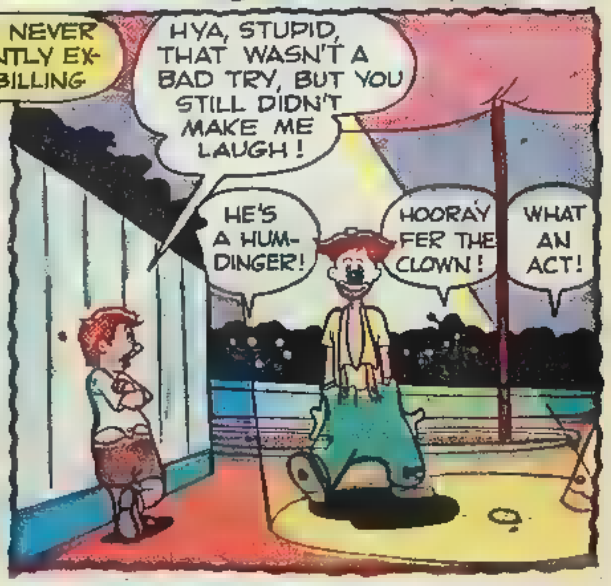

ZIP
KERPLUNK


HOORAY! HE MADE IT!
THAT CLOWN'S TERRI-FIC!
WOWIE! WHAT AN ACT!
THAT'S THE BEST ACT I EVER SAW!


WHIZZ
SAFETY NET

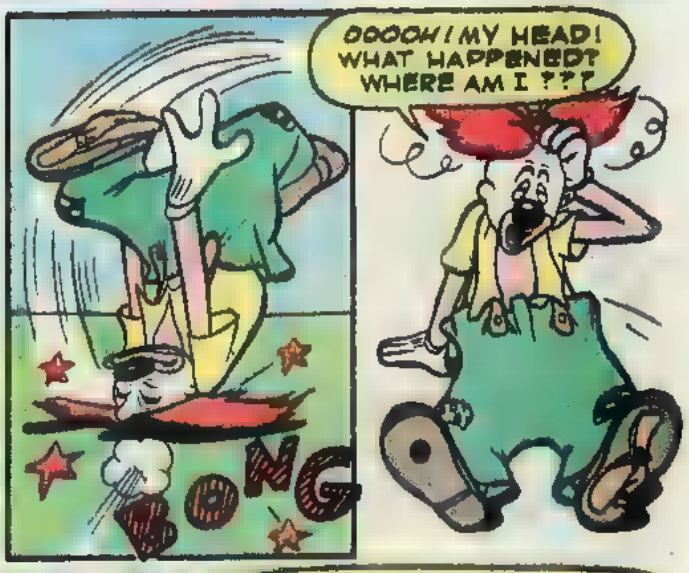

SAFETY NET
OH, TUMBLES WAIT....

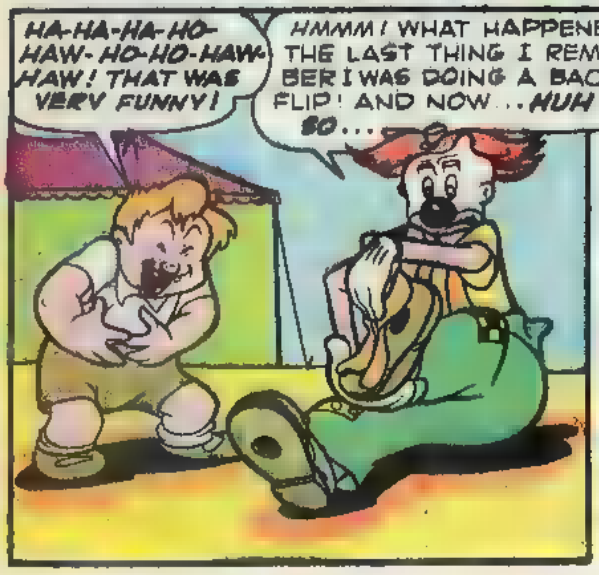

IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CIRCUS, I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ACT AS WELL TIMED AND BRILLIANTLY EX-EXECUTED AS THAT ONE! YOU'LL GET TOP BILLING AND A RAISE IN PAY, M'BOY!

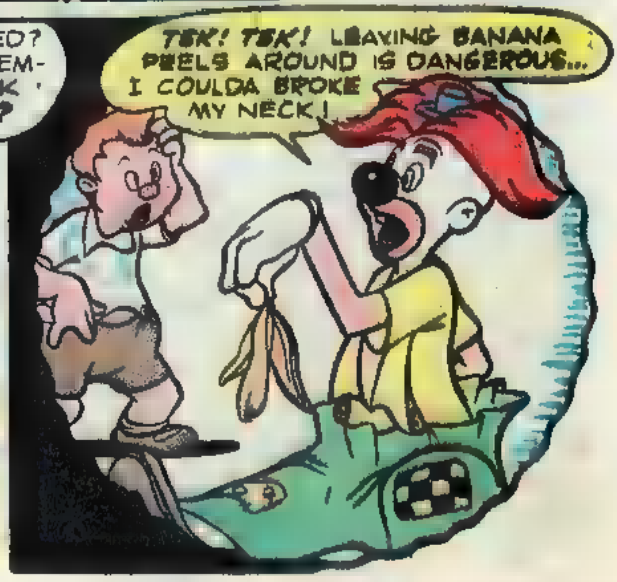

HYA, STUPID, THAT WASN'T A BAD TRY, BUT YOU STILL DIDN'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
HE'S A HUM-DINGER!
HOORAY FER THE CLOWN!
WHAT AN ACT!

I THINK I'LL SHOW THIS CRUMM HOW HE CAN GET A LAUGH OUTA ME !
DIS WILL BE PERFECT!!

WHIZZ
ZIPPO
SOOOOSH

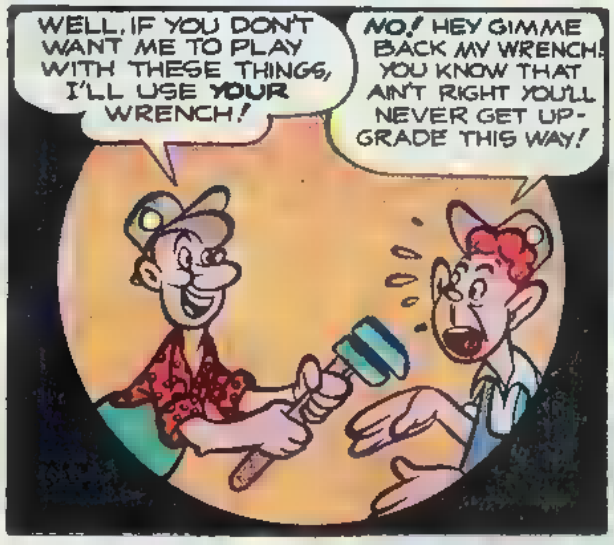

BONG
OOOOH! MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I ???


HA-HA-HA-HO-HAW-HO-HO-HAW-HAW! THAT WAS VERY FUNNY!
HMMM! WHAT HAPPENED? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS DOING A BACK FLIP! AND NOW ...HUH? SO...


TSK! TSK! LEAVING BANANA PEELS AROUND IS DANGEROUS... I COULDA BROKE MY NECK!

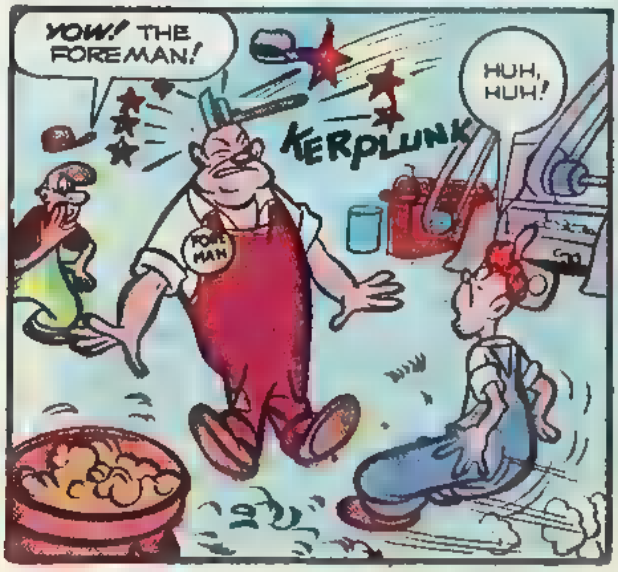
DOPPUS
O'TOOL

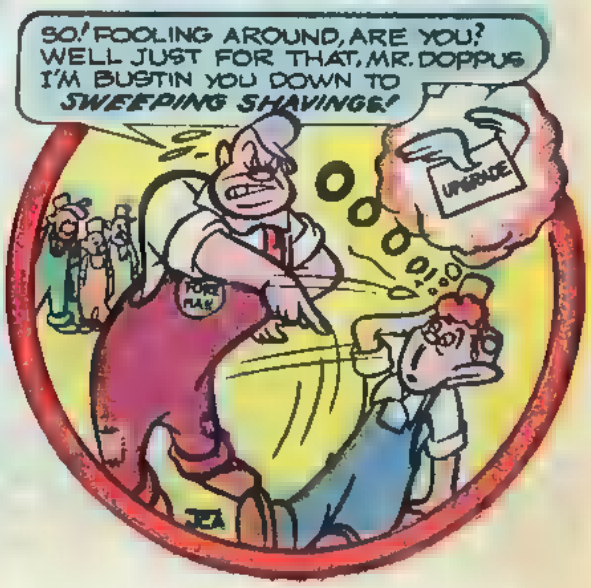
LUNCH HOUR AT THE PLANT...
HEY, DOPPUS... LOOKA ME! KIN I JUGGLE, OR KIN I JUGGLE?
BETTER CUT IT OUT FELLER! YOU'RE GONNA BREAK SOMETHIN' AN BESIDES YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO FOOL AROUND IN THE PLANT!


WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO PLAY WITH THESE THINGS, I'LL USE YOUR WRENCH!
NO! HEY GIMME BACK MY WRENCH! YOU KNOW THAT AIN'T RIGHT YOU'LL NEVER GET UP-GRADE THIS WAY!

COME ON, LEMME HAVE MY WRENCH! YOU GUYS'LL GET INTO TROUBLE FOR THIS!
CATCH IT, DOPPUS!

COME ON, DOPPUS, CATCH IT... RUN! GET IT!

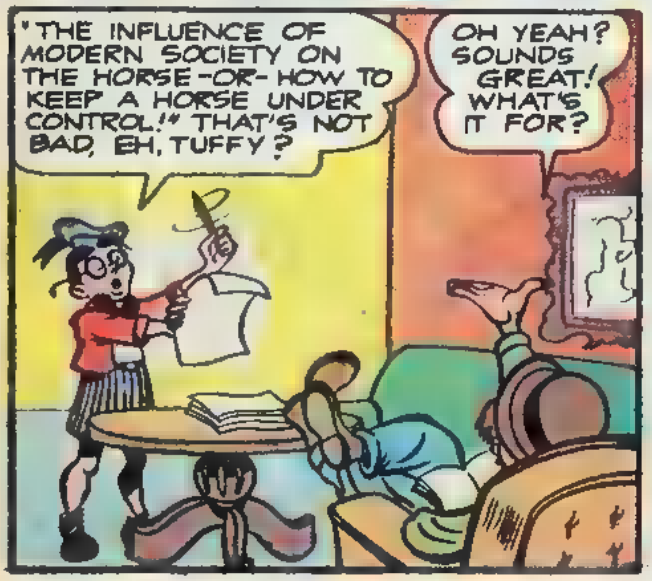

YOW! THE FOREMAN!
KERPLUNK
HUH, HUH!
FORE MAN


SO! FOOLING AROUND, ARE YOU? WELL JUST FOR THAT, MR. DOPPUS I'M BUSTIN YOU DOWN TO SWEEPING SHAVINGS!
UPGRADE
FORE MAN

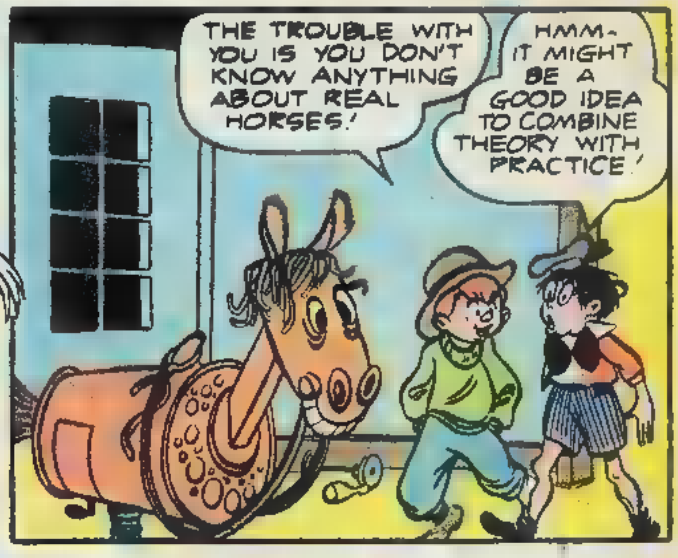
TUFFY

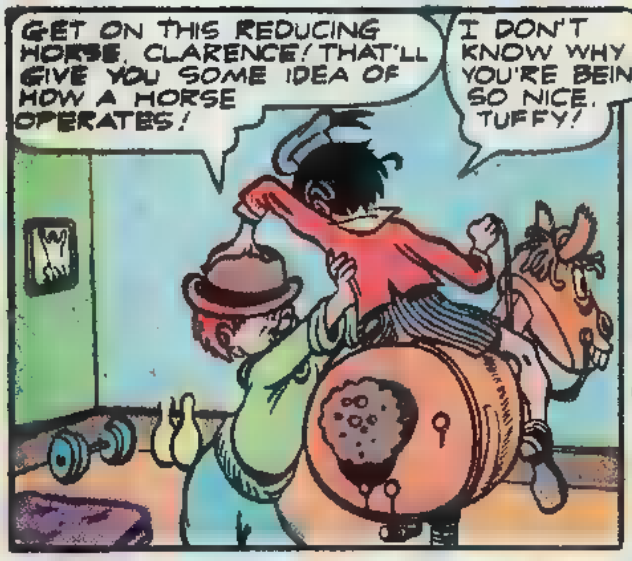
HOLD STILL, CLARENCE! I'LL GET IT ANY SECOND, NOW!

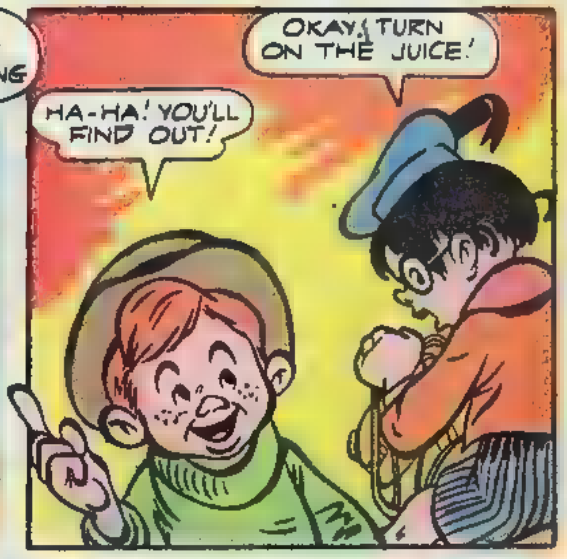
JCA

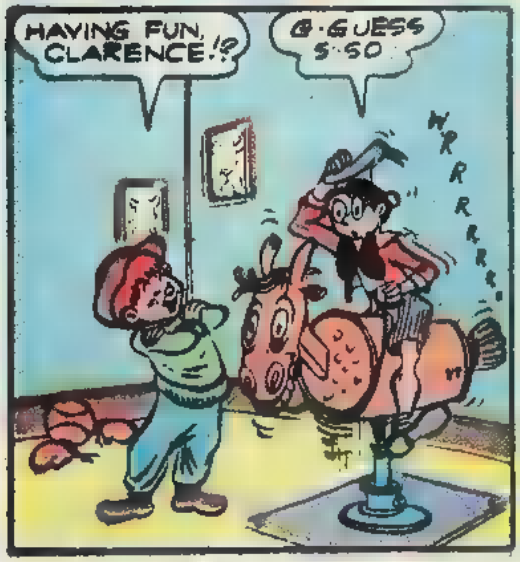


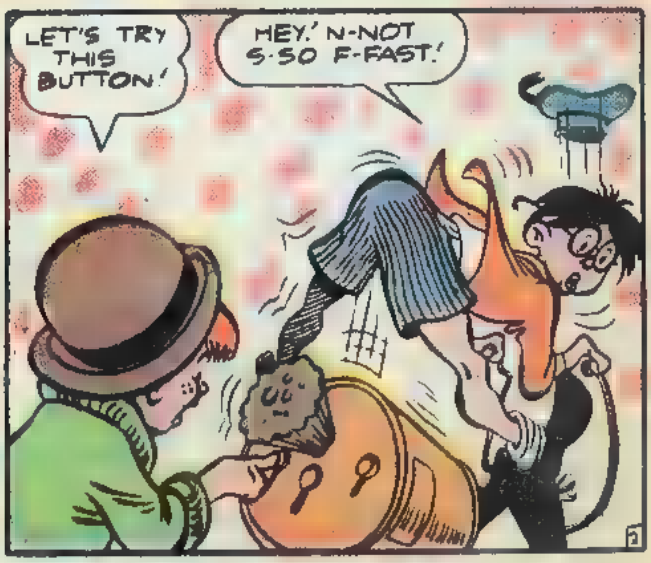
MY BOY! I HAVE A SWELL IDEA! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! I WOULD LIKE TO FINISH MY ESSAY!

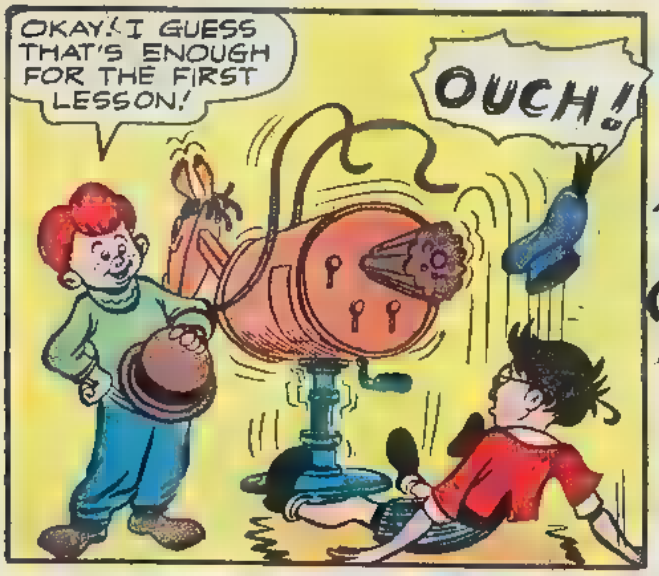

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT REAL HORSES!
HMM- IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO COMBINE THEORY WITH PRACTICE!

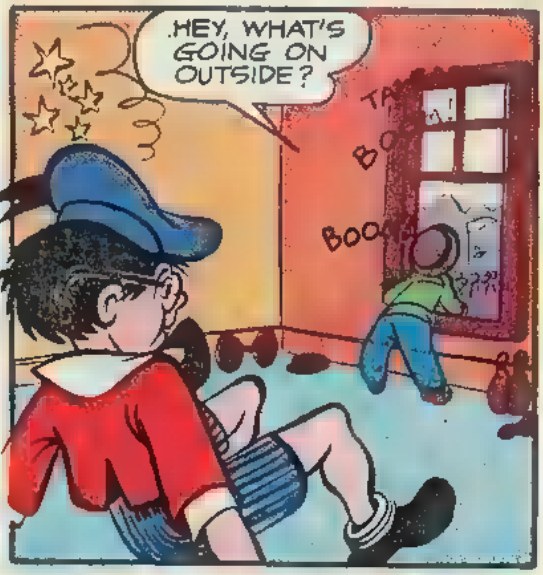

GET ON THIS REDUCING HORSE, CLARENCE! THAT'LL GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF HOW A HORSE OPERATES!
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE BEING SO NICE, TUFFY!

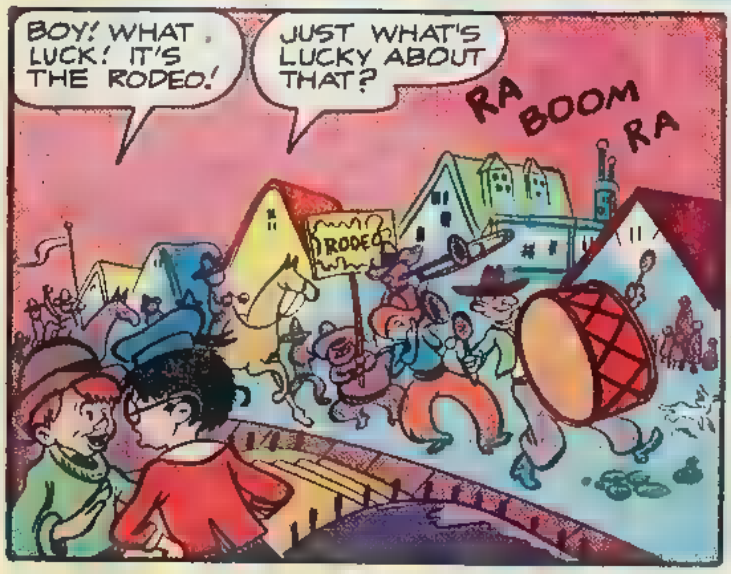

OKAY! TURN ON THE JUICE!
HA-HA! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

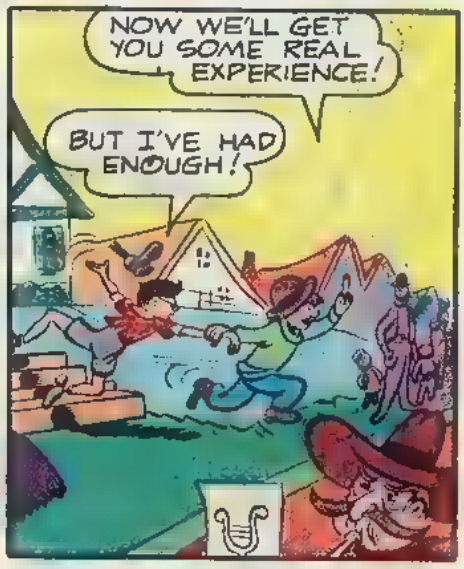

HAVING FUN, CLARENCE!?
G-GUESS S-SO
WRRRRR

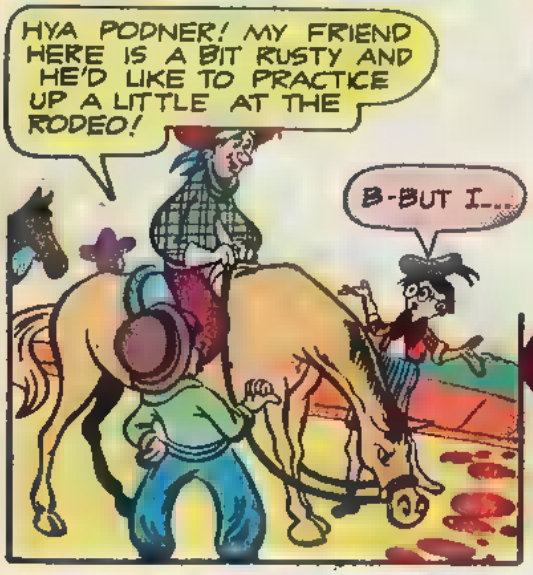

LET'S TRY THIS BUTTON!
HEY! N-NOT S-SO F-FAST!

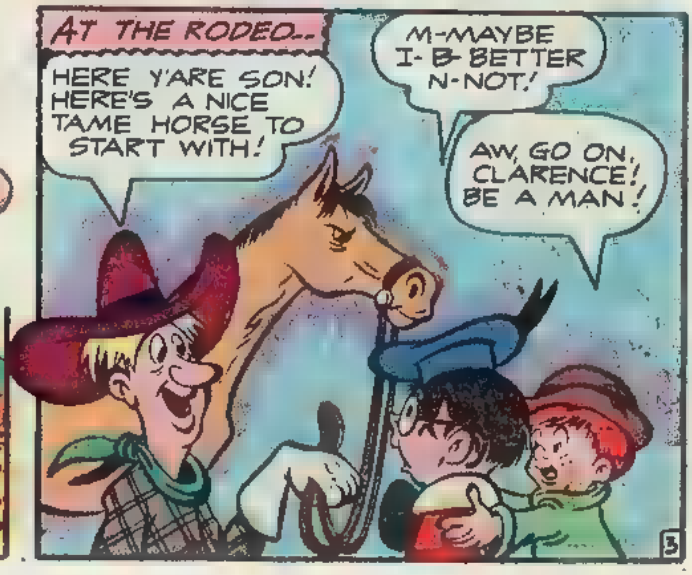

OKAY! I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH FOR THE FIRST LESSON!
OUCH!

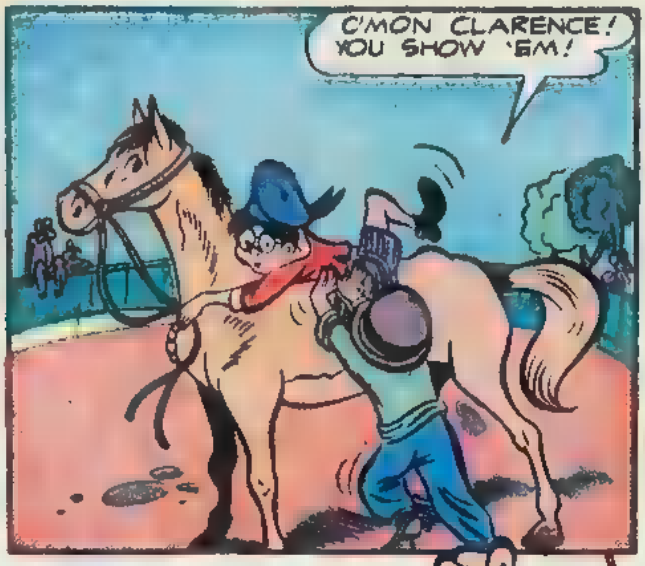

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE?

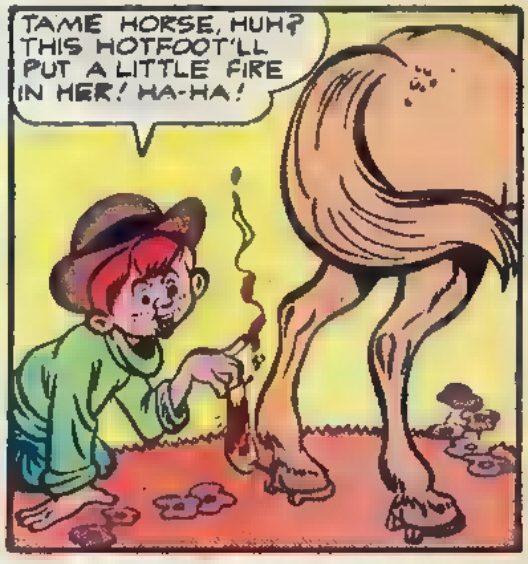

BOY! WHAT LUCK! IT'S THE RODEO!
JUST WHAT'S LUCKY ABOUT THAT?
RA BOOM RA
RODEO


NOW WE'LL GET YOU SOME REAL EXPERIENCE!
BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

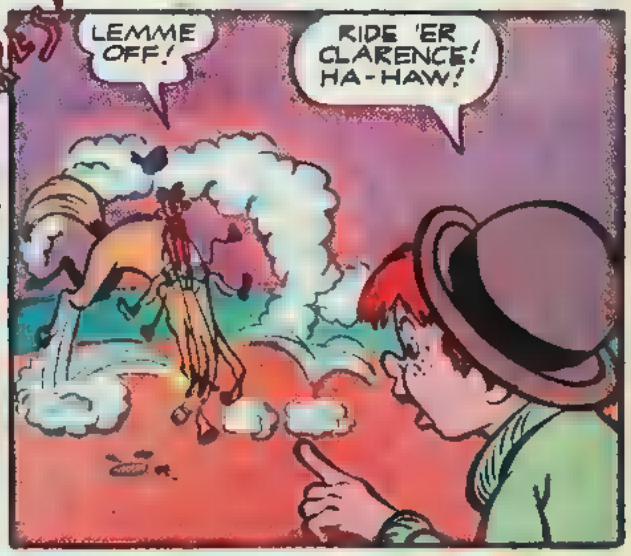

HYA PODNER! MY FRIEND HERE IS A BIT RUSTY AND HE'D LIKE TO PRACTICE UP A LITTLE AT THE RODEO!
B-BUT I...

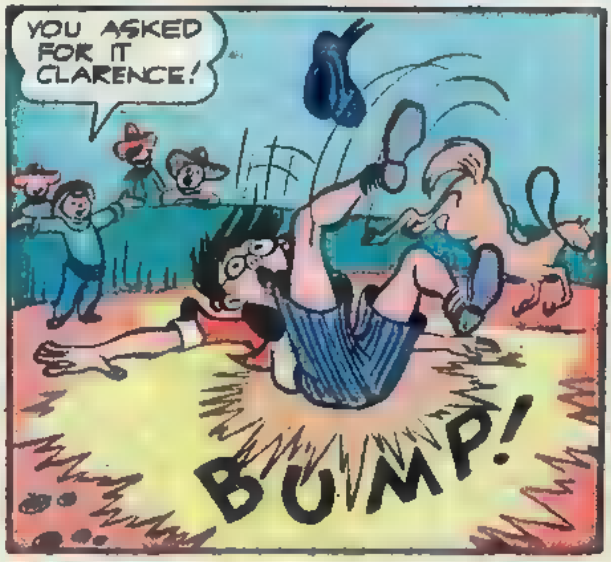

AT THE RODEO...
HERE Y'ARE SON! HERE'S A NICE TAME HORSE TO START WITH!
M-MAYBE I-B-BETTER N-NOT!
AW, GO ON, CLARENCE! BE A MAN!


C'MON CLARENCE! YOU SHOW 'EM!


TAME HORSE, HUH? THIS HOTFOOT'LL PUT A LITTLE FIRE IN HER! HA-HA!

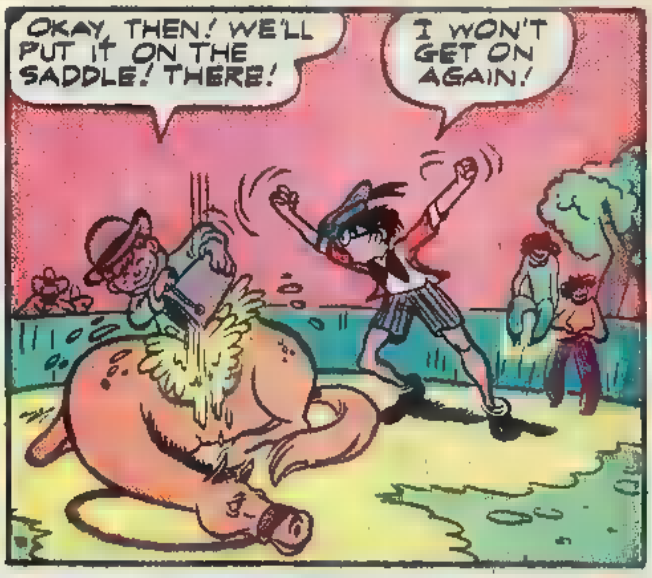
HELP!
YIKES!
HA-HA!

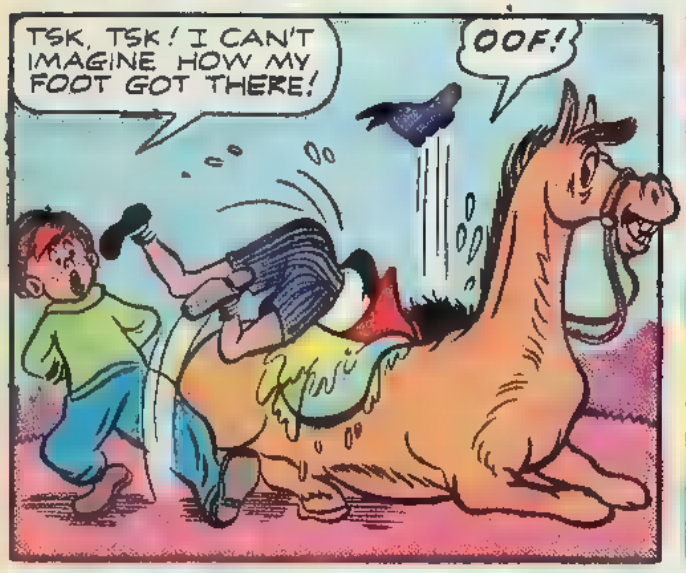

LEMME OFF!
RIDE 'ER CLARENCE! HA-HAW!

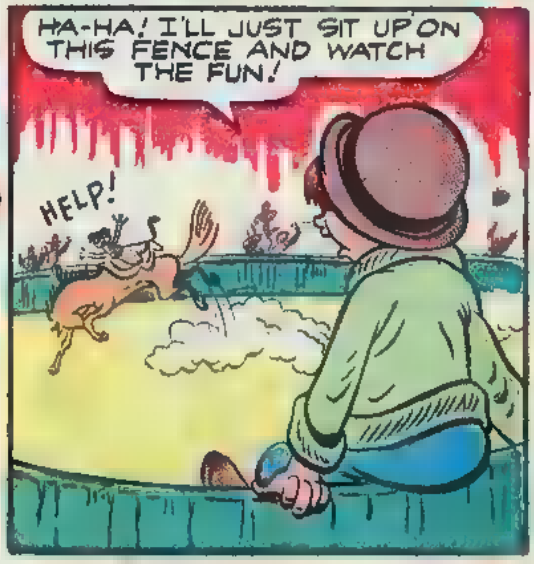

YOU ASKED FOR IT CLARENCE!
BUMP!

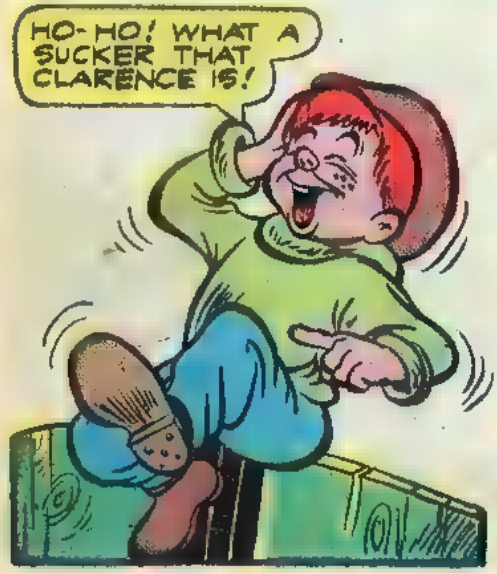
NOW DON'T GIVE UP! YOU'VE ALMOST GOT THAT HORSE UNDER CONTROL! I'LL FIX IT SO YOU CAN STAY ON!

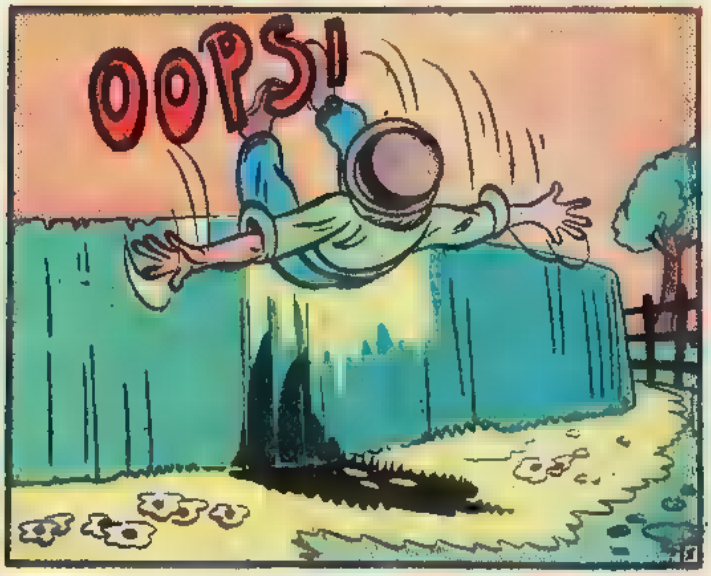
HERE WE ARE! GLUE! NICE AND FRESH, TOO! TURN AROUND CLARENCE!
OH, NO! NOT ME!

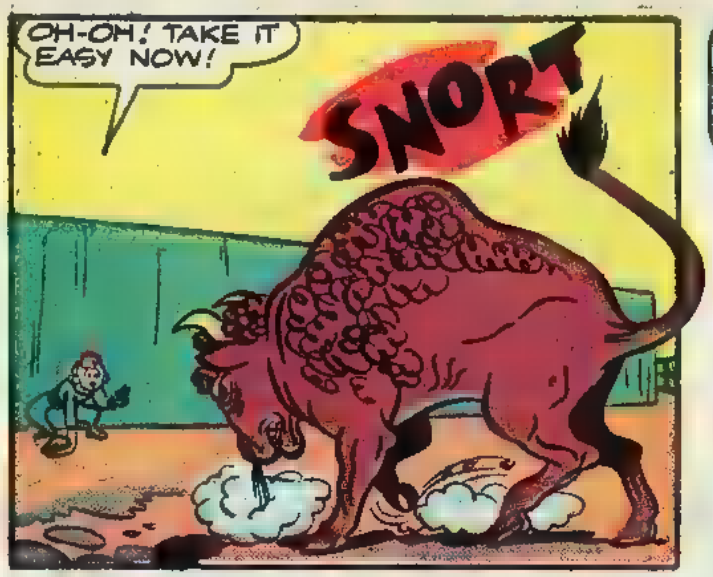

OKAY, THEN! WE'LL PUT IT ON THE SADDLE! THERE!
I WON'T GET ON AGAIN!


TSK, TSK! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MY FOOT GOT THERE!
OOF!


HA-HA! I'LL JUST SIT UP ON THIS FENCE AND WATCH THE FUN!
HELP!

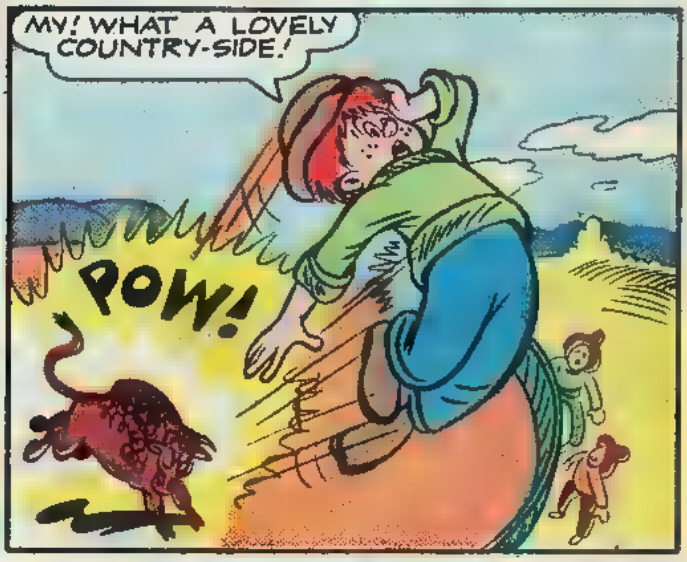

HO-HO! WHAT A SUCKER THAT CLARENCE IS!

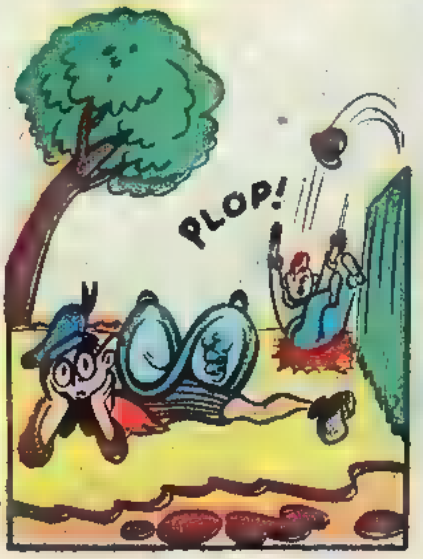

OOPS!

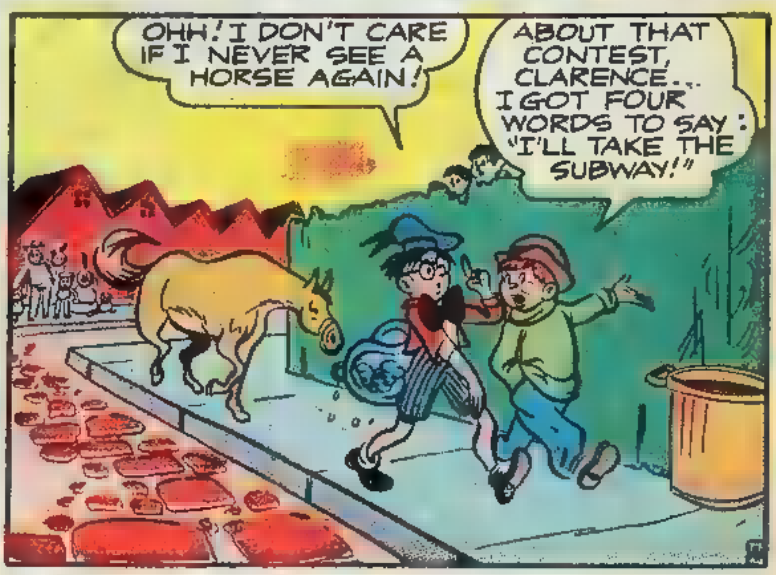

OH-OH! TAKE IT EASY NOW!
SNORT

TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS, THEY ALWAYS SAY! SO THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!

SNORT!
SNORT!


MY! WHAT A LOVELY COUNTRY-SIDE!
POW!

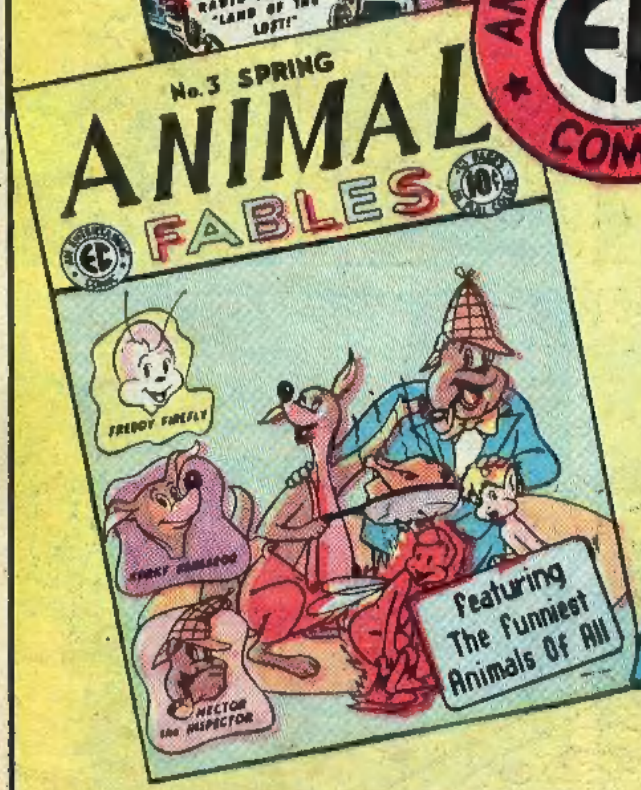

PLOP!


OHH! I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER SEE A HORSE AGAIN!
ABOUT THAT CONTEST, CLARENCE... I GOT FOUR WORDS TO SAY: "I'LL TAKE THE SUBWAY!"

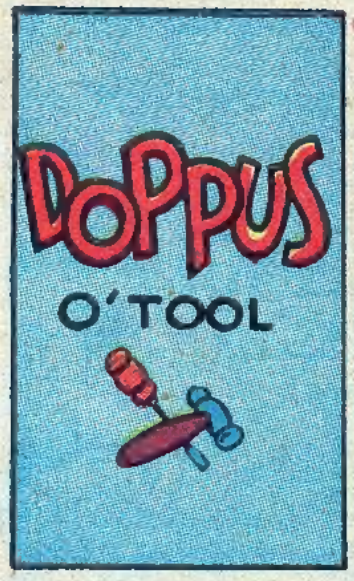
FOR THE FINEST IN COMIC ENTERTAINMENT

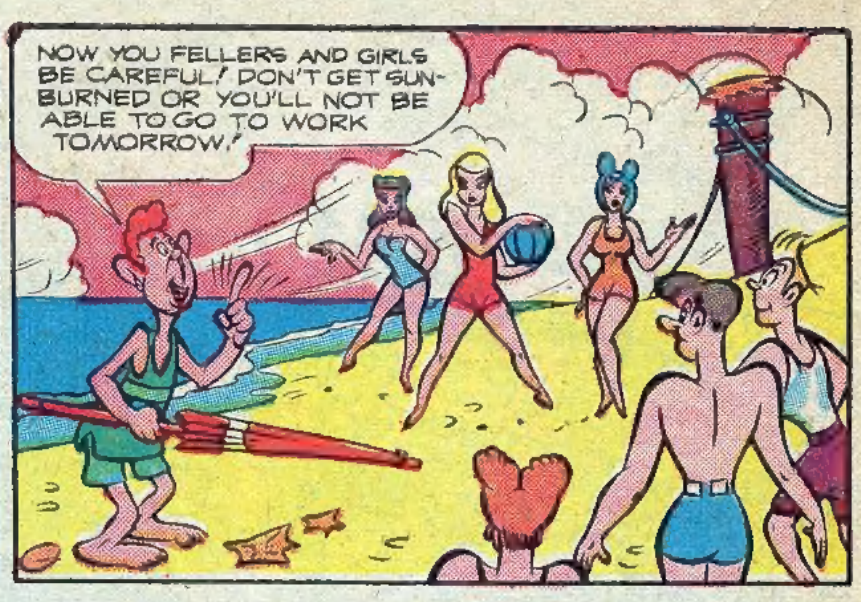
Read

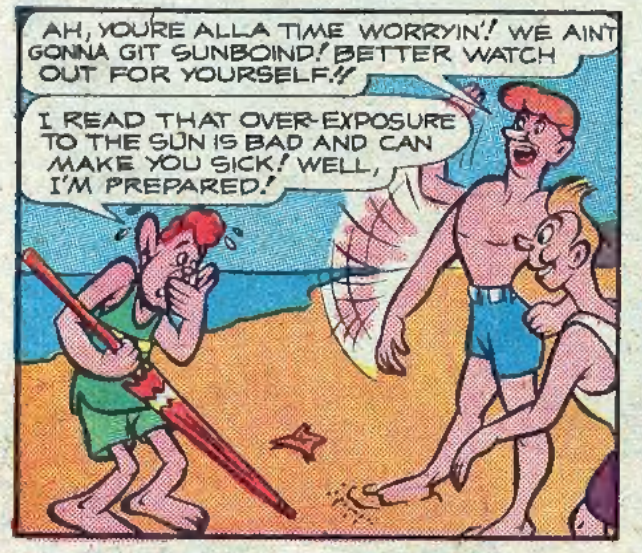
AN EDUCATIONAL COMIC



EDUCATIONAL COMICS

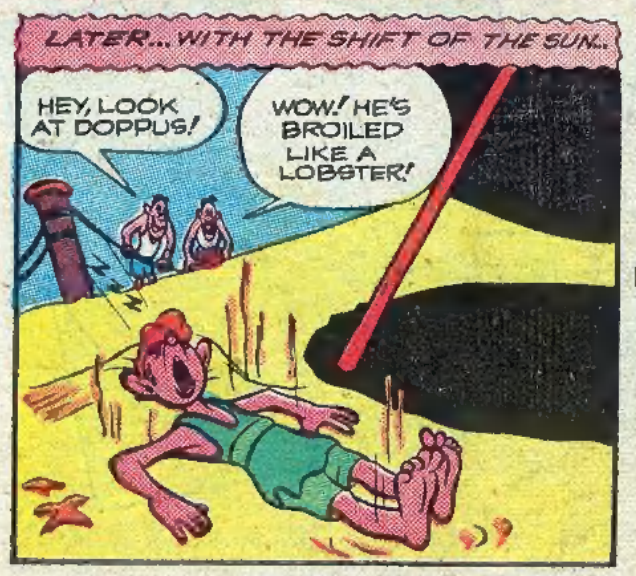

DOPPUS
O'TOOL

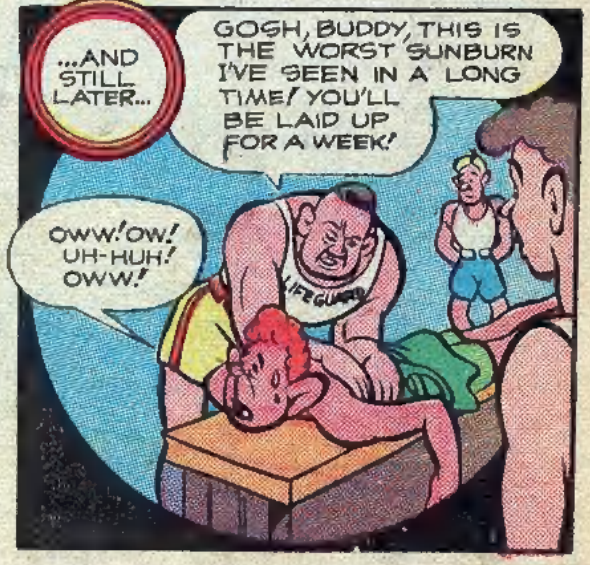

NOW YOU FELLERS AND GIRLS BE CAREFUL! DON'T GET SUNBURNED OR YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GO TO WORK TOMORROW!


AH, YOURE ALLA TIME WORRYIN'! WE AINT GONNA GIT SUNBOIND! BETTER WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF!!
I READ THAT OVER-EXPOSURE TO THE SUN IS BAD AND CAN MAKE YOU SICK! WELL, I'M PREPARED!

I KNOW I'M NOT GETTING SUNBURNED AND LOSE TIME FROM PRODUCTION!

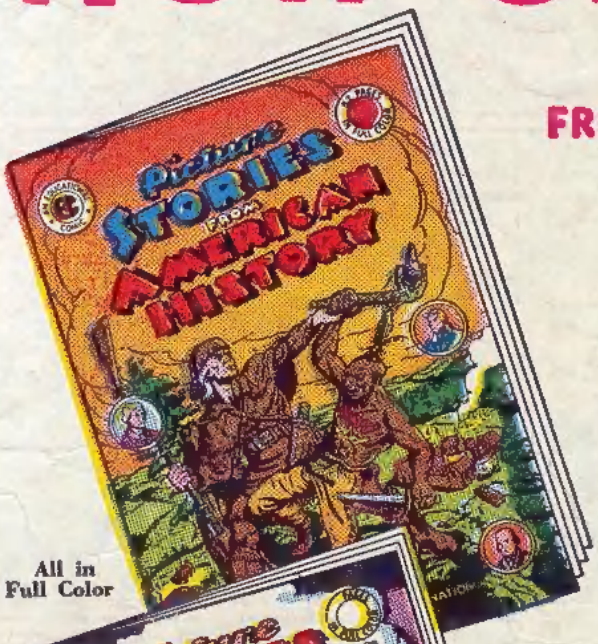
LOOK AT THEM RUNNING AROUND IN THE SUN! GOSH, I'M SO SLEEPY.. HO-HUM, GUESS I'LL GRAB FORTY WINKS!


LATER... WITH THE SHIFT OF THE SUN...
HEY, LOOK AT DOPPUS!
WOW! HE'S BROILED LIKE A LOBSTER!


...AND STILL LATER...
GOSH, BUDDY, THIS IS THE WORST SUNBURN I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME! YOU'LL BE LAID UP FOR A WEEK!
OWW! OW! UH-HUH! OWW!
LIFE GUARD

1732-1799
The Story of YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON
GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS BORN IN THE VIRGINIA COLONY ON FEBRUARY 22, 1732... THE YEAR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FIRST PUBLISHED "POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC."
AT MOUNT VERNON, THE ESTATE OF HIS BROTHER, YOUNG GEORGE LEARNED TO SWIM, FENCE, AND RIDE HIS BROTHER'S SPIRITED HORSES.
ONE DAY...
My daughter and I are admiring your your brother's horsemanship, Lawrence.
Aye! Young George has a way with horses, Lord Halifax. He'll make a good soldier some day.
A FEW YEARS LATER...
George, I'd like you to survey my land in the valleys of the Appalachian Mountains. The French are becoming too interested in it. The job will be hard and dangerous. Do you think you can tackle it?
I'd like to try, Lord Halifax. It sounds exciting!
AND SO, GEORGE BECAME A SURVEYOR, GAINING VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN THE WILDERNESS...
Let's stow away our equipment and rustle up some game. I could eat a whole deer tonight!
So could I! But I'd rather eat it back in civilization. I'm all worn out keeping my ears open for Indians and Frenchmen.
BUT GEORGE'S CAREER AS A SURVEYOR ENDED ABRUPTLY.
Barbados is just ahead. This warm climate will clear your lungs in no time, Lawrence.
Perhaps, George. But if I die, take good care of my little girl.
LAWRENCE DID NOT LIVE LONG, AND A YEAR LATER ANOTHER TRAGEDY DESCENDED UPON THE MOUNT VERNON HOUSEHOLD.
Is there no hope for my niece, doctor?
No, George. It is a question of minutes. Her heartbeat is almost stilled.
THUS WITH THE TRAGIC DEATHS OF HIS BROTHER AND NIECE, GEORGE WASHINGTON BECAME THE OWNER OF THE RICH PLANTATION OF MT. VERNON, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.
HE WAS NOW READY TO START THE BRILLIANT CAREER THAT EVENTUALLY MADE HIM THE "FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY."

NOW ON SALE!



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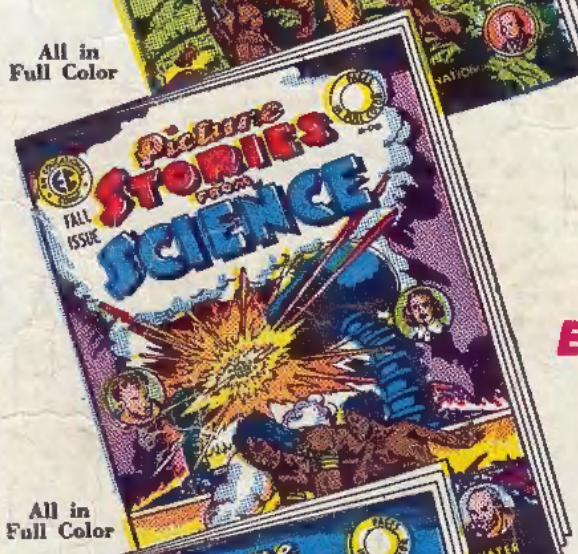

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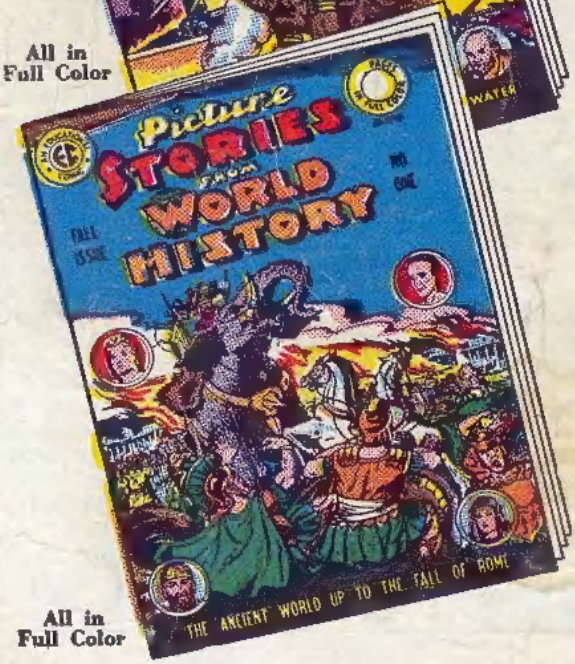

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